JOHN BULL, AUGUST 11, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1469.

THE MADDEST ADVENTURE ON EARTH SEE PAGES 16 & 17.

JOHN BULL

Announcing a brilliant new

PHILIPS

and look at the price!

It's the greatest value ever offered by Philips—this marvellous 5-valve receiver priced at the record-low figure of only 9 guineas! And look what your money buys. Superinductance for high sensitivity and silent background. Single-knob tuning. High selectivity, wide choice of stations. Improved moving coil speaker for clear, beautiful tone and ample volume from weak stations. Here, indeed, is superb over-all performance not found in many sets costing considerably more. Here, in short, is the matchless value which has made Philips the largest-selling radio in the world. Go to the nearest dealer. See it, hear it. You'll agree; it's a lot of radio for only 9 guineas, or 12 easy monthly payments of 17/6 each.

9 GNS

Type 274A

COUPON To Philips Lamps Ltd., 145, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Please send me a free copy of your interesting booklet "Bringing Home the Radio Stars," which outlines in detail every wireless set in the Philips range.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

COUNTY_____

TYPE 472A 6-valve superinductance receiver for A.C. mains only. — **PRICE 15 GNS.** or by 12 monthly payments of £1.9.6 each.

TYPE 472U Same as 472A, but for either A.C. or D.C. mains. — **PRICE 16 GNS.** or by 12 monthly payments of £1.11.0 each.

TYPE 588A 6-valve superheterodyne receiver for A.C. mains only. — **PRICE 12 GNS.** or by 12 monthly payments of £1.3.6 each.

TYPE 588U Same as 588A, but for either A.C. or D.C. mains. — **PRICE 13 GNS.** or by 12 monthly payments of £1.5.6 each.

TYPE 372B 6-valve superinductance receiver for battery operation. — **PRICE 11 GNS.** or by 12 monthly payments of £1.1.6 each.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURERS

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 9½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1 Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to Dressers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, U'wear. Buy for resale. Large profits. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. —Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday Street, E.C.4.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. — Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB. — Agents wanted. Free Gift & Art Cat.g. to every applicant. Highest Genuine comm. in the trade. Special prizes & Free Gifts. Huge selection Chocs., Toys, Fcy. Goods, Cigs., etc. No outlay. Don't delay, send p.c. to Eaton & Co. (Dept. A.). Lr. Wortley, Leeds, 12.

AGENTS WANTED.—4/6 in the £ COMM. on Cadbury's, Fry's, Terry's, 6/6 on Fancy Goods, Utility Lines, Toys, etc.: also presents value £4 4s. Write to-day for Beautiful Art Catlg., containing over 1,000 lines, FREE, post pd. — Dennis & Co. Club Specialists Dept 188, Colne, Lancs.

2d/- CASH BONUS to Agents. CASH COMMISSION 4/- to 15/- on Fancy Goods, Chocs, Cigs., Toys, etc. Grand FREE GIFT NOW! Huge Cash prizes and Bonuses. Finest poss. value and Service.—Write for Gigantic Art Catlg. and Terms to Britain's Best Xmas Club, HOFFBRANDS, 17, BREARTON ST., BRADFORD.

CLUB AGENTS.
COMM. 3/4 to 7/6 in the £. Free gift every Agent. Send for 200-page Xmas cat. In actual colours we show hundreds of gifts in Chocs., Jewellery, Glass, Fancy Goods, Drapery and Toys. Big comm. and prizes for spare-time work. No limit to your earnings.
F. J. TATE, 36, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1

AGENTS wtd. Xmas Clubs, Free Gifts. FREE Super Catalogue ensures success. Best Cash Com. Quality and value unrld.—MATHER'S (Dept. 21), 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

LAVISH Catalogue and Free Gift every Enquirer. England's favourite Xmas Club. Original TATE'S (Dept. A.A.), Foundry St., Leeds.

CHRISTMAS CLUBS.—4/- to 14/6 in £ COMMISSION—Fancy Goods, 5/- in the £ on many Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, etc. Souvenir to every Agent enrolling and HANDSOME FREE GIFT at Xmas. £100 Cash Prize—must be won.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY (Dept. 43), SHIPLEY.

FREE Sample value 2/6 NOW to every Agent for the Shield Xmas Club. Write to-day for full particulars of Big Cash Commissions and Finest FREE Gifts to the trade, together with 172-page Art Catalogue and coupon to obtain 2/6 Free Sample to SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept 14), BRADFORD.

ASTOUNDING Free Gift Offer (value 2/6) to all inquirers for Watson's Famous Xmas Club. Highest possible comm., super value goods; magnif. range Free Gifts. Send now for 200-p. Art Cat. Chocs, Cigs, Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, etc. —G. A. WATSON, 137, ALBION ST., LEEDS.

XMAS CLUBS.—SPARE-TIME AGENTS WANTED for Oldest, Largest and Best Club. Write for Giant Art Catlg. and full partics. No outlay. Excellent Comm. Free Gift to all applicants.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., BURTON RD., LEEDS.

AGENTS WANTED, either sex, TO SELL PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Profitable spare-time occupation. No outlay. Amazing variety and splendid value. Free Sample Book. Highest Commission and Valuable Prizes.—Write to G. Denton & Co., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
WE have imitators galore—but rivals never! By dealing with us you can give your customers a promise for prompt delivery and keep it. We are ready to send you NOW our 256-page Art Catalogue and particulars of Commission Terms, Bonuses, etc.—Write to Hull's Original Club Organisation.
RAWLING, 648, HESSLE ROAD, HULL.
"The Firm That Never Lets You Down."

15/- NOTES FREE to Xmas Club Agents. Join the "Magnet" Club that offers big comm. and free Gifts. Splendid Catlg. of Chocs., Toys, Wearing Apparel, Fancy Goods Lines.—Full particulars from Magnet Clubs Co., Ltd. (Dept. S), 395, Corn Exchange Bldgs., Manchester.

FREE GIFT all Enquirers. 3/4 to 16/6 £ Comm. Agents wanted. Xmas Clubs. Special cash bonus. Enterprise, 15, Clifton St., Bradford.

PRIVATE XMAS CARDS. THE FAMOUS "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted (either sex). Biggest commission, also Prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 16, Chapel St., Bradford.

LONDON'S Leading Christmas Club House want Agents. Highest commissions. No outlay. Beautiful Catalogue free.—Write: London Confectionery Club, 739, Old Kent Road, London.

AGENTS WANTED for our 1934 Sample Book of Private Greeting Cards. Abounding with Novelties, consisting of Calendars in Tapestry, Houses of Parliament, Majolica Designs, Bromide Picture of Film Star, Variety of Dog Subjects, Floral Cards, Dainty Notepapers, Imitation Oil Painting and Water Colours. Wide selection of Calendars with beautiful coloured pictures of animal subjects, garden scenes, Shakespeare's birthplaces, etc. For NOVELTIES, VALUE and TERMS, we stand unrivalled. Each year's results speak for themselves.—Write, J. MORGAN & CO., DEPT. 182, LANCASTER.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

A BEAUTIFUL FREE GIFT
Awaits every Agent for the Famous "VICTORIA" Series Private Christmas Cards. It PAYS TO DEAL DIRECT WITH MANUFACTURERS. You get UNBEATABLE CONDITIONS. COSTLIEST PRIZES, and a HANDSOME GIFT which makes all others seem OLD-FASHIONED. Book Free. Carr. paid.—JOHN WILLIAMS & Co., Dept. 205, Victoria Works, PRESTON.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENTS wanted to sell the CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards and Calendars. No risk or outlay. BIG PROFITS CERTAIN. Magnificent Sample Book sent FREE. Highest Commissions. Best Prizes.—Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 30 Anchor Court, Fenton.

100 PERSONS Wanted (either sex) for splendid money-making proposition. No outlay or experience needed. Read Messrs. Renshaw's announcement centre of page 2.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVING.—For Commercial and Private Positions, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains and supplies the BEST drivers. OUR RESULTS OVER 24 YEARS PROVE IT. Day or evening tuition to the standard of the Royal Automobile Club Official Certificate. 1934 cars and equipment. Lowest fees. Employment Dept. FREE. Licensed L.C.C. CALL 9-7. 'Phone Ger. 3435, or write for particulars: 8, COVENTRY ST., (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner Hse.), PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1.

PRINTING (Lowest Prices), Catalogues, Illust., Price Lists, Dup. Books, Stationery, etc. 10,000 Handbills, £1. Samples, 2d.—Meads, 60, Seaside.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CHINA.—120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Saucers, Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 60 Cups & Saucers, 4/-. Glass & Fancywares Cat. Catlg. & Guide, worth £1 FREE. Bridgett & Pottery Dept. 8, Burslem.

CAMERAS with Films given away! No coupons to collect. See advertisement of Aircraft Products, Ltd., on page 3.

TENTS 7/3 to 3 gns. Also Bell Tents for Hire. Send for 40-page Catlg. of Camping and Hiking Equipment.—Buttall, 20, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

QUALITY WOOLS. Knit 1d. oz. Flngs., 1½d. Tweed Marls, 1½d. Crochet, 2½d. Bilk. 6-ply Best, 9d., 1/-, 1/3 lb. Colours, 1/-, etc. Samps. free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), 2/6-on-T. CIRCUS, W.1.

AMAZING OFFER

Ever-Ready Razor
3 Ever-Ready Blades
1/- Tube Ever-Ready Cream

1/3
COMPLETE OUTFIT

On sale at all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc.

Ever-Ready

Blades are made from the finest surgical steel and are 1½ times thicker than other Blades

MANUFACTURERS OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., 110, CRICKLEWOOD LANE, LONDON, N.W.2

POLICE RECRUITS.—Young men desirous of joining Metropolitan, Town or County Police should send for 1934 Police Handbook (FREE), which explains methods of entrance to all Forces (Ages 19-28.)—Address, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course. I. School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

EXCELLENT opportunity for keen young men, aged 17-22. No experience. G.P.O. Engineering Dept. Commence £4 per week. Free details of open Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 537), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C.), Palace Gate, W.8.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex —ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook, immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men, aged 19-21. Commencing pay £2 9s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 601), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAD, UNDEM TRAINER. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Morning 7/10. Welsh 3/6. (Agts. or small Mail Order Campaigns). Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 69, Bartleet & Hudson, 128, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Chancery 8118.)

A HANDSOME 36-page illustrated Catalogue is offered by the makers of ELSWICK Cycles, which can be obtained on non-deposit easy terms. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 20.

MEN! Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Belt.—Write, mentioning John Bull, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further partics. See ad. on p. 20.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO - ACCORDEONS from £2 2s. 6/6 monthly. BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUMS, etc., cash or cat. free. — OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, 7.B., 8, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

CRANE'S PIANO BARGAIN.
BORD. Thoroughly re-conditioned throughout and guaranteed. Modern case, superbly polished, Rich Tone. 25 Gns. or 10/6 monthly. Free Delivery. No Deposit. Write for Catalogue "20" of Pianos and Organs.
CRANE & SONS, LTD., HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

FREE. Send for a free copy of a wonderful Catalogue of radio's greatest values. "Bringing Home the Radio Stars." This outlines in detail the latest range of wireless sets offered by PHILIPS, the world's largest radio manufacturers. Every set can be obtained on easy monthly payments. Write at once for a copy, or better still, fill in the coupon on the Front Cover. Turn to this now while you think of it!

REGISTERED BY POST.

FARMS, Small, Wanted. Elmshore (Egg) Allens, 12 D., 2s. 6d., 5 lb. 6s. 8d., 36 lb. 24s. Other parts. Orders guaranteed. List free. —Grimsby & Thorpe, Bowers Lane, Evesham.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

BOOK EXPLAINING RUPTURE.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Cheveaux Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no straps, elastic, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), 80, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.2.

STOP the tea-cup habit. Drink Allenbury's Diet in the most delicious form. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 37, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM PILES? Get instant relief from pain and irritation with Adanus Ointment. Nothing like it. Only 1/4½, post free. —WHITEHEAD, Chemist, CREAM, SURREY.

BLEEDING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-Consciousness.—Mr. Bruce (J.B. 10), 46, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

RUPTURE CONQUERED by Beasley's Marvellous Air Cushion Appliance. Recommended by all Doctors and supplied through Approved Bandagists. Write, Department J.B., 12, Conduit St., London, W.1, or Department J.B., 270, Deansgate, Manchester. Send for booklet and free trial details.

FREE. Fill in the coupon in the ELASTO advt. on the Back Cover. This will bring a free sample of ELASTO for Bad Legs and Circulatory Diseases, including all forms of vein and tissue deterioration. Together with this free sample will be sent a free booklet which will enable you to judge the wonderful benefit obtained from this New Biological Remedy. Send coupon now for free sample & full particulars.

SUFFERERS of Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc. should write, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage, to Hanbury & Hudson, Ltd., 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, for free particulars how to get rid of these distressing complaints. Mention John Bull when writing.

A FREE book to Pile sufferers is offered in the PENHALIGON advt. on p. 27.

FREE.—Wonderful first-aid booklet. Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 18 or write, mentioning John Bull, to Johnson & Johnson (G.B.), Ltd., Slough, Bucks. Every home ought to have a copy.

FREE.—Don't suffer a minute longer with constipation. A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the most pleasant chewing laxative which banishes this distressing complaint, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to Wilkie's Laboratories, 15, Thames House, Westminster, Ldn., S.W. See p. 18.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (any condition). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 38, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Bds. 30 yrs. Wells Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RARE BOOKS, Magazines, etc.: English and foreign; state wants.—J. E. DANE CO., 64, Bamford Street, LIVERPOOL 1.

CHLORETTE removes completely all kinds of stains from & whitens the teeth. Not only does its emulsion soften tartar and wash away most of the stains left from food eaten, but its gentle polishing action safely rubs away other and more obstinate stains. See p. 22.

PEARS Odorless Transparent Soap is now refined twice as long—it lasts 4d. a cake. There is no waste with PEARS. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. Thin, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it. The delightful fragrance of PEARS and its well-known tonic action on the skin have won the praise of generations.

HAVE you ever experienced the delight of a SHAVALLO lather? The natural glycerine which SHAVALLO contains softens the beard and soothes the skin, at the same time preventing razor "pull" and after soreness. See p. 27.

WITH reference to the offer in last week's issue of 50 Gold Silver Thalers to be given free by the makers of BUTLER'S WOODPECKER CIDER, will readers note that these free Tankards will be awarded to the best postcard replies of a slogan to approve the excellence of this famous Cider. All readers have to do is to write on a postcard what slogan in their opinion approves the excellence of Butler's Woodpecker and post to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.B.), Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach them not later than August 14. If you have not yet sent in your entry, do so now!

A FREE 7-days sample of EUTHYMOL Tooth Paste will be sent on application to Euthymol (Dept. 67/711), 80, Bath Street, London, W.1.

SPECIAL free offer. Write to Dept. 588, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Tottenham, Middlesex, for sample tin of all shades of Pond's new powder. Address 10, stamp towards postage.

A FREE Home Study Course. The makers of STEAD Range Heaters offer readers of John Bull a free weekly Home Study Course in a special Bull's Free Course, entitling John Bull to Stead Study Course, entitling John Bull to J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Range Works, Sheffield.

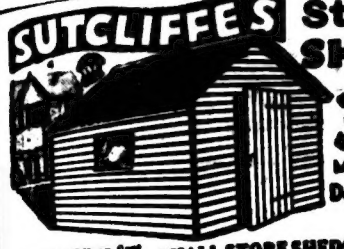
PURE BEER easily made at home. Turn to the "Vinegrain" advt. on p. 27. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

A FREE booklet, "How's Your Good Health," describing the use of DR. KUIPER'S Hollands Gin, will be sent gratis on application to John De Kuiper & Son, 109, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. Mention John Bull when writing.

THE DRAWING COMPETITION RESULT
WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 3/4 MONTHLY



Design Z.H.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections easily the best value. Send carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied free. (Floors extra.) F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holmfirth Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms—82-83, Oxford St., W.1.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 payments.
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0 — 3/6
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3 15 0 — 5/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£5 15 0 — 6/11

Send for Free Catalogue, Rhods, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT?

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style, S. or D. Breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 30 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for Free Patterns, Brit-mesure Chart and latest fashions.

LAST TWO WEEKS 19/6 TO MEASURE

Send no money. Write now.

H. THOMAS & Co., Dept. J.B.10 16, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon

FULL SIZE BED CHAIR 16/6 PAT. SPRING SEATS TURNED LEGS

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

or 12 weekly payments of 1/-. Polished mat brown, soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for coloured Cat. 7. Furniture Bargains. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

BED SETTEE

Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 41 in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6.

35/- or 2/- weekly

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 53, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

"MUST TELL MASTER TO GET THIS" 2D.

If you own a dog you should also own Shirley's Dog Book. The Author, a leading Veterinary Surgeon tells you how to feed him, how to house him, how to train him, how to care for him in sickness and, above all, how to make him the lively, happy and healthy fellow he should be.

ad. Pet Chemists, Stores & Corn Merchants.

BANISH THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

Genuine Testimonials:

"Such a unique and valuable course is worth its weight in gold."

"It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished—they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature."

"Since taking this course I have never looked back. I could thrill with the sheer joy of living."

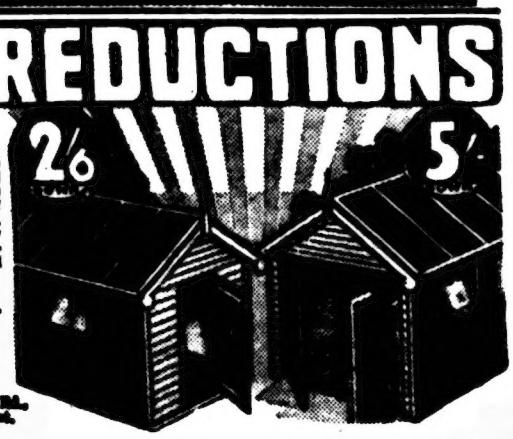
HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.9) 40, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save Shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. Mabey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

THORNS Unexpected REDUCTIONS



Never before have such huge reductions been so unexpectedly announced. Send now for our FREE Catalogue No. 43 illustrating 1,000 sizes and designs of Portable Buildings with 25% more weight of solid timber, steel-braced corners, non-slip washers, all at reduced prices, fully guaranteed and easily erected. Prompt Despatch—Free Plans—Free Insurance and Special Approbation Bonus. Delivered FREE or carriage paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	M'thly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0	or 2/6	2/6
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 15 0	or 3/6	3/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0	or 4/-	4/11
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3 15 0	or 6/6	7/-

FELT ROOF GARDEN SHEDS from 20/-

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Box 60), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

Telephone: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines).

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (either sex) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself on some things you have been wanting or on presents for others **—you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, Beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, Dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A Masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

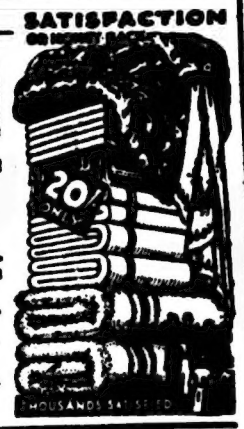
J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd.
(Dept. R.153) Climax Works, Accrington.

UNBELIEVABLE OFFER! Everybody obtains this MINORETTA ACCORDION FREE!

This popular minor model instrument with a full scale of notes reproducing classic or jazz music is given absolutely FREE to every purchaser of 15 3-hole type, 100% Sheffield, "Double Life" Razor Blades at 1/-, post, pkg. and ins. 6d. This is another of our stupendous advertising "stunts" to popularise our famous blades. Simply send 1/6 now to receive your Minoretta Accordion and 15 Blades. No waiting. Sent per return. Nothing more to pay. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. A.J.4.), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. *Opposite Gieves.*

GUARANTEED— SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



2 White Woolly Blankets 60x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 60x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x20
1 White Bolster Case 58x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread 60x70
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover
3 Fancy Handkerchiefs
2 Chamois Polishers
1 Fancy Woven Tablecloth

CASH PRICE 20/- or C.O.D. 1/- extra

FREE LOVELY WALNUT DOWN QUILT or 10 PIECE TEA SET.

State choice when ordering

PATON MILL Co., Dept. T., 70-76, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

START ON THE FINEST SPARE TIME MONEY-MAKING SCHEME

OFFERING OUR DOUBLE VALUE 6d. CLUB CARDS

Here is a wonderful opportunity to earn big money all the year round—offer to your friends and workmates— our 6d. Double Value Club Cards. These can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated art coloured catalogue.

£750 TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

Our cards sell at sight. Please note, we cater for every member of the family. Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS

The Amprice method of paying liberal commissions every week is very popular amongst agents. In addition, there are special agents' bonuses and postages are allowed.

No previous experience is required. Start now to make money. Write for complete details.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprice House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

FREE COMPETITIONS for AGENTS. WEEKLY CLUB NEWS.

COUPON

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprice House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated Catalogue. If insufficient space use margin below advert.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

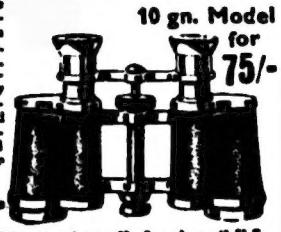
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS) J.B.107, 11.8.34.

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

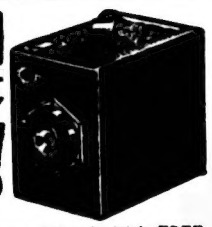
Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lunieres, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Reading Bar Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

10 gn. Model for 75/-



DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 139), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

THIS SUPER BOX CAMERA WITH FILMS, PRINTING PAPER FRAME, DEVELOPER & FIXER IS YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!



To popularise our 100 per cent. Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 15 blades for 1/-, post, pkg. and ins. 6d., this Camera with good lens, brilliant view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also films, developing and fixing powders, printing paper and frame, exposure chart and full instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send 1/6 only for blades and FREE Camera and Photographic Outfit, additional films 3d. extra. Nothing more to pay.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.F.C.1), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Opposite Gieves (central entrance).

COVENTRY CYCLES 57/6 LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry AND SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3-speeds on approval, carr. paid. 25 years advertising in this paper and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free catalogue now.

E. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 3, Coventry.

AIRCRAFT SUPER Send 1/6 NOW

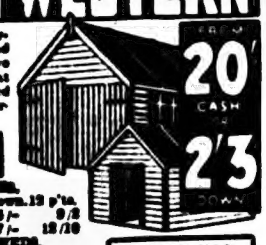
Not a new watch, but an old and tried favourite in a modern style, as supplied to members of Air Force, Army and Navy. 1/6 deposit secures this watch—non-magnetic, shock and vibration proof. Recoil Click spring prevents overwinding. Unbreakable glass, silver or plain luminous dial as desired. Untarnishable Chrome case and Chrome milanese adjustable bracelet. Not until this watch keeps time to a minute a month is it allowed to leave our model factory. Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Send only 1/6. Test for 7 days. If satisfied send 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid in all. Cash price 35/-. Ladies' solid silver model same price and terms.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.163), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

(Opposite Central Entrance Gieves.)

SOUTH WESTERN

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard not feather-edge.



STEEL BRACING 6D EXTRA

SUPER GARAGES.

		Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10ft. x 7ft.	—	100/-	5/-	9/3
14ft. x 8ft.	—	140/-	7/-	12/10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

		Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
6ft. x 4ft.	—	35/-	3/6	3/1
8ft. x 5ft.	—	50/-	4/-	4/11
10ft. x 7ft.	—	75/-	4/6	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 LTD. Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

GENUINE "Naval Coast Guard" SURPLUS! TELESCOPES 11/9

Every piece stamped. These Famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision of over 7 miles. Smooth action adjustment. Third pull range finder. Heavily nickel-plated with all-weather body when closed. Complete in carrying case x 36 magnification areas. 11/9, post 9d. Huge purchase of surplus stock makes such an amazing offer possible. Very limited number. Also 600 only "Army Pocket" Model Telescopes. Closed 2 ins. Open 3 ins. Marvellously powerful. 5 mile range, 5/9, post 3d. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. Y.J.5.) 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Opposite Gieves (central entrance).

"So *that's* how you spend your holidays!"

Be sure to use Kodak Film No. 620 with this Six-20 "Brownie" Junior. Available at all Kodak dealers

Back from the holidays — sea and sunshine — travel and fun behind you. Soon you'll forget your good times, unless you've taken snaps — the link between holidays and home. Something to show for all the enjoyment you've had — something to keep for good.

But make sure they're good, clear snaps . . . Here is the camera that will give you these—the *Six-20* "*Brownie*" *Junior*. Inexpensive—it costs only 8/6. Compact — yet it gives you big, clear pictures actually 3¼ inches long and 2¼ inches wide! Smart — with high-grade lens made by skilled British workmen. A *Kodak* camera — *and it's yours for* 8/6! And don't forget that Kodak Film now costs 1/- for 8 pictures instead of 1/2. Any Kodak dealer will show you the Six-20 "Brownie" Junior.

use the new

8/6 Kodak *camera*

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, August 11, 1934. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

33, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

A Great Big GROUSE

No wonder they are surprised that grouse should come before human beings

Without Fear or Favour

AT the present moment a band of Yorkshiremen are waging a little battle for their rights which deserves to obtain the notice and support of the rest of the nation.

For if this struggle fails it may seriously affect the pleasures of the public in other parts of the country.

Everyone has heard of the Ilkley Moor, made famous in song, which is part of Rombalds Moor in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

To every Yorkshireman the name of Rombalds Moor conjures up a vision of miles of rolling heather-clad moorland, the beauty of which is unequalled in any other part of England.

For decades this moor has been a place to which the industrial workers in the towns upon its border have sought rest and fresh air in their week-ends.

☆ ☆ ☆

And since the great spread of the rambling movement in the North of England during the recent years the Rombalds Moor has trebled its popularity.

An attempt is now being made to deprive the people of the West Riding from enjoyment of one-third of Rombalds Moor, during most of the Spring and Summer, all for the sake of preserving and shooting grouse. And there is every prospect that if it succeeds similar action will be taken by owners of moorland in other parts of the country.

It is the Burley section of the famous moor round which the battle rages. This wide stretch of beautiful moorland is about a thousand acres in extent, and includes some ancient memorials and stone circles.

The owner has applied to the Minister of Agriculture for an order restricting the public from free access to the moor, except for certain rights-of-way, from April 1 until June 20, and from August 1 until September 30.

This covers the grouse-hatching and shooting season.

Naturally, such a proposal has aroused a storm of protest in the West Riding, and a local inquiry is to be held by the Ministry of Agriculture before the Draft Order is confirmed.

Burley Moor is a good third of the great Rombalds Moor—and these thousand acres are within easy reach of numerous industrial towns. They are at the back door, so to speak, of thousands of small, overcrowded and out-of-date homes where live the honest, toiling Yorkshire folk who, during the Spring and Summer months, are wont to seek the reviving qualities of the tonic moorland air, and have neither the time nor means to go farther afield.

Furthermore, be it noted that the period of five months during which the restrictions are requested includes three Bank Holidays—Easter Monday, Whit Monday and August Bank Holiday—for many thousands of workers the only terms longer than a week-end when they are free to enjoy the moors.

All this in order that grouse may be preserved to provide a brief spell of recreation for a fortunate few.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Order which the owner seeks contains a number of provisions. To some of these no objection can be raised. There are twenty-two conditions set forth, under which the public may have access to the land. Some of these refer to damaging plants or trees, the snaring or shooting of birds, the leaving of litter. To such conditions no lover of the countryside could object.

But the particular clauses dealing with access seem to constitute a complete violation of the spirit of the Law of Property Act, 1925, which provides that the public, subject to certain conditions, "have rights of access for air and exercise to any . . . common which is wholly or partly situated within a borough or urban district."

Burley Moor is within the urban district of Burley-in-Wharfedale and therefore the issue should be clear. It is true the owner may impose certain conditions to prevent the estate being "injuriously affected." But that is a very different matter from keeping the public off the moor entirely, except for a few paths, for five months in the year.

In the meantime forces are rallying to save Burley Moor for the people of the West Riding.

The Burley-in-Wharfedale Urban District Council is exerting every effort to oppose the Order.

The Council realises its responsibility, not only to those within its own area, but to all the working folk of the district.

The West Riding Ramblers' Federation is actively backing the Council, and the fight has been taken up, on a national scale, by such organisations as the National Council of Ramblers' Federations and the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society.

☆ ☆ ☆

In their opinion the battle which rages over Burley Moor is not merely a local one. For this is the first time that an owner of land, to which the public have specific rights of access, has sought for restrictions of such a drastic nature.

If this Order is granted by the Minister of Agriculture there is nothing to prevent hundreds of other owners of shooting rights over moorland securing similar orders, thus closing thousands of acres of open land, in various parts of the country, to the townsfolk who are in greatest need of such amenities.

We look upon the Burley case, therefore, as a vital test case that merits the attention of every supporter of the rights of the public to the great natural open spaces of our country.

In places where grouse lands adjoin densely populated industrial areas, it appears to us deplorable to permit interference with the well-being and amenities of thousands of people for many months in order to enable a few people to shoot grouse for a few weeks in the year.

We hope that the result of the enquiry will result in the preservation of the public's freedom of access to this famous moor, and that we shall not hear of any more attempts to put grouse before the welfare of human beings.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Daylight Robbery in the Slums

No More Cenotaph Politics!

Too Old at Twenty-Seven

THE slums are one scandal. Getting rid of the slums is going to provide another. Judging from the many instances of injustice to small property owners being brought to our notice every week from all parts of the country, the second scandal is likely to prove very widespread indeed.

Many of the houses now to be demolished are those in which humble people have invested their life savings, and in innumerable cases they are the sole means of livelihood of widows and elderly folk.

Yet the unfortunate owners, in town after town, will not get a penny compensation! Utter ruin faces them.

The type of shop that is being demolished without a penny compensation

Not a penny!

Consider the hardship inflicted on a Leeds man, who in 1931 inherited a property. A year after the last Housing Act became law, this property was valued at £2,300, and from it the present owner has derived a small income.

The Inland Revenue Commissioners, who previously assessed the property for the payment of Death Duties, decided it was worth £2,545. But the Leeds City Council, in settling the matter of compensation, has compulsorily acquired the site for a mere £600.

The owner is not to get a penny for the loss of his livelihood.

The widow's mite

That is unjust, but it is only one of many instances brought to the notice of JOHN BULL in recent weeks.

An Exeter widow's house and small shop are condemned for demolition. They are all she has in the world: yet not only is she to be deprived of her means of livelihood, but has to pay the cost of pulling the premises down! All the compensation she is to receive is £25, which will no more than cover her removal expenses

Stand and deliver!

For yet another example of how this steam-roller process is laying low the dwellings which small and humble folk have purchased from savings in years of thrift, let us go to Liverpool.

There a widow's house was seized by the corporation, which now demands that she should pay eight shillings a week rent, in addition to rates and taxes, for her own property!

The corporation made an *unconditional* offer of £31 10s. to this woman for her dwelling, but for which she has now to pay the corporation more than £20 a year. Not content with having cheated the widow of her freehold, it has turned the tables by demanding tribute from her for the right to live in her own house!

No excuse!

We make no apology, we need hardly say, for those slum-owners who have made large profits from their miserable hovels, and which they have probably never seen.

But neither can we find the slightest excuse for this astonishing injustice to poor people who depend for their livelihood on small property.

Factory dangers

We are sorry to see that there were 7,000 more accidents in factories and workshops last year than in 1932.

But we are not surprised that part of this increase is attributed to undernourishment and degeneration caused by unemployment.

Men returning to work after long spells of idleness are less able to stand the strain of modern industrial life; hence our constant demands for better treatment of the unemployed.

Callous employers

But there is another thing that must be said. We know that there would be far fewer accidents if all employers had a proper sense of their responsibility.

In scores of great factories the safety committees which should work to prevent accidents, rarely meet owing to the indifference of employers.

In many other cases those committees consist only of employers' representatives and foremen, the workers being ignored. Yet it is the workers who are naturally most eager to avoid accidents and usually best able to suggest means of preventing them.

Humans don't count!

That is why we welcome the Archbishop of York's onslaught on careless employers. He has just recalled how a large number of munition girls lost their lives during the war because of the thoughtlessness of their employer.

Their factory had to be cleaned out every day, and while this was being done the girls had nowhere to go. "There were blizzards, and many died from pneumonia."

Eventually a shed was built for the girls, but, as Dr. Temple remarked, "they knew that if they had been cattle they would have had a shed at first."

Shirking

Yes, and there are still too many employers who give their workers less thought than the farmer gives to his cattle.

And they will continue to shirk their duties until we have more factory inspectors to keep an eye on them.

Comradeship

Happily, the workers usually have a good deal of thought for each other.

The latest example comes from Durham, where 700 miners have agreed to lose one week's work in every eight to save seventy of their number from being dismissed. We can think of no finer act of comradeship on the part of men whose wages leave precious little margin for the practise of self-denial.

Lifetime of courage

And we can't imagine more indomitable and enduring courage than that of young Ronald Vickery, the South London lad who has been awarded the "Scouts' V.C."

At fourteen he has had twenty-five operations. Last Christmas, when the doctors gave him little hope, he smilingly assured them, "I know I'm going to live."

We think so, too. For, to change the old saying, "While there's hope there's life."

Day to live!

If young Ronald needs any proof that the doctors are sometimes wrong, let us tell him of a Newcastle woman, Mrs. Thomas Horsley.

Nearly forty years ago she was given a day to live; she is now seventy-two and is celebrating her golden wedding.

Just as we congratulate her, so we hope to congratulate Ronald on *his* diamond wedding!

Cenotaph politics

Twenty years ago the first British war dead were lying on the battlefields of Flanders.

If anybody had sought then to exploit them for political ends, we know what would have happened.

But now political factions are trying to seek the limelight by holding mass demonstrations at local Cenotaphs which were intended to be silent reminders of sacrifice.

Tub-thumping

The most disgusting case comes from Manchester. There an organisation which tried to place a wreath bearing a political inscription on the Cenotaph — and failed—held a mass meeting, harangued against the Labour Party, and submerged the sacred subject of peace in a welter of political diatribe.

Such people should be taught that our million war dead did not die either to give tub-thumpers an open-air platform or to provide them with political arguments.

Danger!

We must tell the Minister of Health that thousands of people in the Welsh valleys are alarmed lest heavy rains follow the present drought.

Recently, after a short downpour, there was serious flooding in the Rhondda and other valleys and hundreds of families had their furniture destroyed.

Since so many live in basement dwellings, there might be loss of life in a really wet season.

As we have constantly pointed out, the problems of drought and floods are so closely allied that they must be treated as one.

But Sir Hilton's methods of treatment are so petty as to prevent neither drought nor flood.

Dangerous bathing

Again, Bournemouth is writing to him about another danger we have often attacked—dirty bathing pools that, being privately owned, cannot be inspected by medical officers.

Bournemouth agrees with us that increased powers should be sought from Parliament, but we wonder how many more bathers must fall victims to disease before the Ministry of Health bestirs itself?

Whitehall's scapegoat

We also welcome Sir Roger Keyes' onslaught on the Admiralty for having relieved Vice-Admiral Tomkinson of his command after the Invergordon "mutiny."

The Invergordon men rebelled against the cuts in naval pay, and to have made their commanding officer the scapegoat for Westminster's folly was about as mean a trick as officialdom could devise.

Lower deck for ever!

Another naval grievance is that it is impossible for a sailor to rise from the lower deck to high rank.

In theory, he can obtain a commission as lieutenant and work steadily upwards. In practice, it is impossible, because he is too old compared with other officers in his rank.

That is why, in the whole history of the Navy, only one or two sailors have become captains and none of higher rank. In this respect the Senior Service should take a lesson from the Army.

Aged at twenty-seven

Unfortunately, things are worse still in some branches of civilian life—witness the twenty-seven-year-old motor driver who cannot get a job as he is "too old."

He has declared in a county court that when he goes after jobs he finds they are open only to boys of eighteen, and we don't doubt him.

But this particular demand for cheap labour should be stopped. The responsibility of driving a lorry should not be entrusted to youngsters in their teens.

Work—wrong sort

We sympathise also with two young men of Kenfig, Glamorgan, who have just *returned* to work. But they have gone back to the colliery after working their way through the University and each getting a B.A. degree.

Wishing to become teachers, they find that the profession is overcrowded.

No doubt, but surely it's damnable that such sterling endeavour should be wasted?

Theatre tricks

If theatres want to compete with the kinemas we think they should change their methods.

The sending of privilege tickets to various firms, entitling a person to two seats for the price of one, is grossly unfair to the rest of the public who are expected to pay the full price.

Let us have cheaper seats, certainly, but not by hole-and-corner methods.

"Mythical millions"

With reference to the article in our issue of January 21, 1933, under the heading "Sultan's Mythical Millions," we wish to say that we were incorrect in associating Mr. John Campbell with the operations of Messrs. White McGregor and Co. in the sale of the shares of the Aegean Trust, Limited.

Although Mr. Campbell was a director of the Aegean Trust, Limited, neither he nor the Trust benefited in any way by the operations of Messrs. White McGregor and Co.

We welcome this opportunity of saying that we make no imputations whatever upon Mr John Campbell, and regret that his name was mentioned in the article referred to.

The Fragant Minute.

PLAYING THE GAME

HOWEVER cheerful we may be there comes to each of us, in turn, a mood of deep despondency and we with hot resentment burn. One day it's you, one day 'tis I, we feel that we are badly treated. Ah! that's the very hour to try to prove that we are not defeated.

We feel we work beyond just measure, the other fellow's better paid. We have so very little pleasure—into self-pity's sea we wade. Now when this mood is biting you, it's clear that something must be done. I'll tell you what I often do—it's like a game and quite good fun.

Sit down with paper, pen and ink, and to truth's answers be not blind. What blessings have you? Now then, think! Write down each one that comes to mind. And when you've made your honest list you'll wonder whence came your despair. Dark mood will vanish like a mist—and gratitude stand smiling there!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

REAL ROAD CRIME

This was an accident—but in how many other cases is the car crash really a crime of carelessness and discourtesy?

by **The EARL of NORTHESK**

The Motoring Authority

THE chivalry of the road! Once it was no empty term. It was a live tradition which had grown and flourished on British highways from the days when the roads were vague, meandering tracks.

Now it is dead, dead and gone within the memory of living men. We want it back again, a living force, a code which will help preserve the countless lives which perish in the annual holocaust of the roads.

In the fifteen years since the war over 2,000,000 men, women and children have been killed and injured on the roads of Great Britain; almost the total British casualties during the Great War. And the number grows steadily—140 die every week.

Soon—within one generation from 1918 at the present rate of progress—the casualty lists of the roads will exceed those of *all* Britain's wars. In the three years 1929-31 alone the killed exceeded the number of British soldiers killed in the twenty-two years of the Napoleonic wars.

I draw these figures and comparisons from reports published by the Home Office, the Pedestrians' Association and the British Hospitals Association, whose members bear the burden of dealing with the toll of injured, a task which costs them over £300,000 every year. But, you may say, frightful as these facts are, what have they to do with chivalry?

They have this to do with it. According to official analyses which have been made of all road accidents, roughly 80 per cent. of them have been caused by hasty, reckless or careless actions on the part both of motorists and pedestrians. And what, in the end, do those three factors reduce to except to lack of courtesy, lack of chivalry?

Something must be done about this terrible casualty roll of the roads, which is now past toleration. In my view, legislation will not cure it. Speed limits and other inhibiting measures will not cure it. In the final issue it rests with the road users themselves. What we want is not more legislation, but more education—or, rather, re-education.

The dictionary tells us that chivalry consists in protecting the weaker; its synonym is courtesy, which means respecting the rights of others. There are plenty among us who can remember when those qualities flourished on the roads.

In the early days it existed between motorists towards each other. Signals were scrupulously given and observed; a faster car was cheerfully given the crown of the road; brake and horn and head lights were carefully and properly used; a breakdown by the roadside would bring half a dozen passing cars to a standstill with offers of assistance.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

IT existed between motorists and other road users. Cyclists and motor cyclists were not the "road lice" that they are freely described by a certain type of motorist to-day. In those days it was the exception to see a line of cyclists strung across the road, deliberately obstructive, and to see motor cyclists cutting in and out, creating hazards "just to show" the man at the wheel of a car.

Tired or laden pedestrians on a long country road could be sure of getting a lift even before the asking. They, in their turn, were cheerfully ready to help the motorist at a blind corner and with directions on a strange road.

Somehow this courtesy, this practical chivalry with which all road users once behaved towards each other, has now disappeared. Somehow we must bring it back again.

Chivalry consists in thinking of the other fellow, not in "leaving it to him." That attitude permeates the minds of the majority of road users to-day—leaving it to the other fellow and, if anything happens, blaming him. The late Minister of Transport, the Hon Oliver Stanley, aptly expressed the tragedy of this prevailing idea in a recent broadcast speech.

"I know," he said, "how we feel about the other fellow. When I am in a motor I feel that if the pedestrian doesn't like it he can jump for it. When I am a pedestrian I want to show the 'something' road hog that I have as much right on the road as he has. And that sort of thing is as silly as it is dangerous."

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

THERE are current to-day nearly 3,000,000 driving licences, or, in other words, one person out of every ten between the ages of seventeen and seventy expects to have the opportunity of driving a motor vehicle. The responsibility of the motorist is the greatest because his vehicle is the most dangerous; but the others, pedestrians and other road users, must carry their fair share.

Compromise and sacrifice as far as road "rights" are concerned are incumbent on all if we are to have any success in reducing the terrible mortality toll. It is true chivalry to think first of others, to abate some scrap of your "rights" when the peril of others and the general interest is in question.

But when the various attempts at road reform are being suggested or debated what do we see? We see the prevailing lack of manners carried forward into this field also. The representatives of each kind of road user fighting tooth and nail to stop each reform as an infringement on their "rights," blaming the other fellow for it all, complaining, demanding, resisting, grabbing.

To quote only the recent examples. The various cyclists' associations, in spite of the fact that one-fifth of the annual dead are cyclists, have successfully resisted the compulsory red rear lamp, ostensibly because the onus for precaution should lie on the overtaking vehicle—in other words, "leave it to the other fellow."

They accepted the red reflector, which at best is not as efficient as a red lamp, and, on the authority of Frank Elliott, the late Assistant Commissioner for Metropolitan Police, 90 per cent. of those now fitted are inefficient because they do not comply with the regulations as to size, position, etc. The real reason why they fought the red lamp reform was because it would have meant something extra to purchase and maintain. Their "rights" as cyclists and individuals were assailed!

Similarly the motoring associations have fought the new speed limit in built-up areas with bitterness in spite of the fact that a huge proportion of the accidents have taken place in those areas.

Pedestrians also. To judge from the outcry which went up when compulsory crossing places and penalties on "jay walkers" were first suggested, one could have almost believed that Magna Carta had been destroyed. That, too, in spite of the fact that over 80 per cent. of fatal accidents involving pedestrians have taken place "more than 50 yards away from recognised crossing places and subways." Hence, of course, this new ruling. More recognised and *compulsory* crossing places mean fewer deaths.

What is all this objection and contention in the long run but selfishness, lack of manners, lack of chivalry? The kind of thing that you see in practical performance on the roads every day.

It would be wearisome to give examples of that. The instances are too many, and they are familiar to you all, from the road hog who has given his manners in part exchange for a car and scatters everything before him, to the boor who hugs the crown of the road and keeps everything behind him, causing irritation, providing excuses for "cutting in," creating crashes.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

EVERY day twenty people are killed on our roads. If there was an industrial or any other kind of disaster which killed twenty people there would be front-page news about it and nation-wide concern. If it happened every day there would be swift and sweeping public action against the cause.

There are roughly 700 injured on the roads every day—thirty an hour—some of them for life.

While you have been reading this article, two or more men, women or children have met death or injury on the roads. What are we going to do about it? What are *you* going to do about it?

Again I am going to quote the late Minister of Transport: "It is no good arguing which has the better right to the roads—motorists or pedestrians. No power on earth can make a road safe for recklessness and folly. Only the co-operation of every road user—motorist, cyclist and pedestrian—*only their care and their courtesy can make the roads really safe.*"

That is it! Courtesy, manners, chivalry. Those and safety go together. There is an ancient motto of the British roads, a motto of chivalry—"All for each and each for all."

We want it back again, reborn, a new chivalry of the road!

THOUSANDS RUINED by

SOLICITORS enjoy a unique position in the public esteem, being generally accepted without question as men of learning and honour.

This privilege, and the dignity bestowed upon them on their admission to the profession as "officers of the Supreme Court of Judicature," are things which most of them prize dearly.

And they themselves are the first to condemn any disloyal or dishonest colleague whose conduct casts a slur upon the good name of their calling. Any disgrace, big or small, earns general and lasting disapproval.

Unhappily, there have been many grave scandals of late in which the central figures have been solicitors who have abused their trust and lost the respect of their colleagues.

More than that—they have swindled their clients, enriched themselves by robbing those who came to them for advice and aid and reposed the completest trust in them.

Could anything be more heartless or cruel than the exploitation of law-abiding people, who know nothing of the intricacies of the law, by men they believe to be the very soul of honour and integrity?

"Mercy!" cry

Not long ago a well-known West End solicitor stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. He was charged with conspiracy to defraud people who were induced to part with their savings in worthless companies he wickedly sponsored, knowing them to be hollow and fraudulent shams.

When the jury found him guilty, and had come to their verdict without knowing what the police knew, that he had been a source of complaint for years, he held out his arms and asked for mercy.

"I am completely and irretrievably ruined!" he declared.

He forgot, in his hour of trial, the ruin he had brought to many.

He spoke in a voice that was scarcely audible. "Any sentence," he lamented, "means the end of me as a solicitor."

The judge—Mr. Justice Rigby Swift—was unmoved. Firmly he told the man in the dock that he had been a deliberate swindler, who had brought disgrace upon the great profession to which he ought to have been proud to belong.

"The end of me as a solicitor!" That is a plea one hears far too often in criminal courts to-day.

Poor robbed

Let us give an example from another part of the country. George Elder, of Newcastle, was for years in the North Country a well-respected solicitor.

He, too, fell from grace a few months ago in tragic circumstances.

The distress and ruin he has left in his train are incalculable. Poor women, aged people who had handed him money which had been thriftily saved to provide for their last years, have been left stranded and penniless.

Elder, whom they thought, being a solicitor, was above reproach, told them he could invest their money in trust for them and provide them with enduring dividends.

What he actually did, in effect, was to put the money into his own pocket and utilise it for his own personal ends.

Imagine the callousness of it, when we add that even beneficiaries under wills were robbed.

His total liabilities were £69,164.

Whilst searching enquiries were being made about him, and the possibilities of criminal charges being discussed, he died.

There, of course, the matter ended. But most of his "clients" have received nothing from the wreck.

Man who stole

Let us turn from his district to Birmingham.

A solicitor there recently committed some astounding frauds which startled the whole city. His name is John Fowler Bradbury, and his liabilities amounted to nearly £35,000.

He had taken part in many important local civic affairs, and yet a full official enquiry into his operations revealed him to be a persistent and merciless swindler who let down his profession and his clients shamefully.

Bradbury even stole £600 which was due to a man in South Africa who had no knowledge that the money had been left to him at all under the will of a relative whom he had not seen for nearly a quarter of a century. He also obtained £450 from his own managing clerk on misrepresentations which were described in court as being cruel in the extreme.

Mr. Justice Horridge, sitting at the Birmingham Assizes, made Bradbury wince with his scathing words of condemnation. "Yours is the worst case of a fraudulent solicitor that has ever come before me," he said. "There is not one redeeming feature. . . . Five years' penal servitude."

Thus another abuser of public trust passes, leaving behind him numerous victims, many of them aged, who have been robbed of every penny. For them there is no hope of redress.

In nearly all these cases one startling fact emerges. The chief cause for all the robbery, all the misery and ruin, is that these fallen men of the law mixed their clients' money with their own and drew upon it for personal and business purposes alike.

Money they held in trust for clients was banked jointly with their own, under their own name alone, and they were free to administer it just as they chose if a sudden hour of emergency came.

Some of them intended to steal, and undoubtedly acted fraudulently with a calm and calculated deliberation.

They drifted

Others, we must in all fairness say, drifted into dishonesty and began to draw upon such money no doubt in the firm belief that they would be able to refund it.

They could never have been so tempted were effective regulations in force.

Take the case of Mr. M. B. Bromley, who used to be in practice at Finsbury House, London. He was entrusted with the administration and safe custody of funds and securities belonging to certain benefit societies. He fraudulently converted to his own uses £4,677—an amount mentioned specifically in a criminal indictment subsequently made against him.

His trouble began because he had

You'll Be Lucky!

FLAMES were roaring through a building in a Hampshire village. People in neighbouring houses were fearful for their own homes.

In one house adjoining, the youngest daughter, seeing that extensive damage had already been done to their own garden, broke the silence. She knew her father had read JOHN BULL for years, and she asked him point blank whether he had ever signed the form that would have qualified him for all the protection of its unique insurance scheme.

And he had to confess he had not.

That was two months ago. And a few days ago Fate struck again, this time this Hampshire house being more directly affected. A tongue of lightning flashed, blazed down the wireless aerial and seriously damaged the set. A calamity? It might have been, but wasn't.

On the night of that fire the youngest daughter of the house had not been content with telling her father he *ought* to have signed the JOHN BULL form. She found one herself in a current copy, cut it out and put it before him for the signature that was needed.

The result was that he was shortly afterwards the recipient of a JOHN BULL cheque to cover the damage.

Now turn to where the coupon is reprinted for your benefit on page 30 and protect *your* home.

You may never have a fire. Lightning may never strike your aerial. But you will be lucky indeed if you get through life without any of the disasters against which it offers provision.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Mental Monkey Glands

SINCE Psychology was first formulated into a Science it has given many shocks to old-established beliefs and traditions. It has given them shocks because beliefs and traditions were all they were. They wouldn't stand the first touch of scientific investigation.

To say, for instance, that "a man is as old as he feels," or, "a man is as old as his arteries," is doubtless to sound interesting and clever—but that's all.

For, in any case, to ask anyone "How old are you?" doesn't mean a lot unless you first define what you mean by age. Do you mean the number of years a person has lived? Do you mean emotional age? Do you mean mental age? They're all very different, and the first is the least important.

From one point of view a man may be "as old as his arteries"—but what really matters is that psychology has discovered that a man is, fundamentally, "as old as his interests."

Youth looks forward. Age looks back. Youth plans and hopes. Age ruminates and reminisces. It doesn't depend on physical years. It depends on your mental attitude. Physical youth can be shockingly aged mentally. Physical age can be astonishingly childish!

The way to keep young, therefore, is not to find the Philosopher's Stone; it is not to discover a magic Elixir of Life; it is simpler than that.

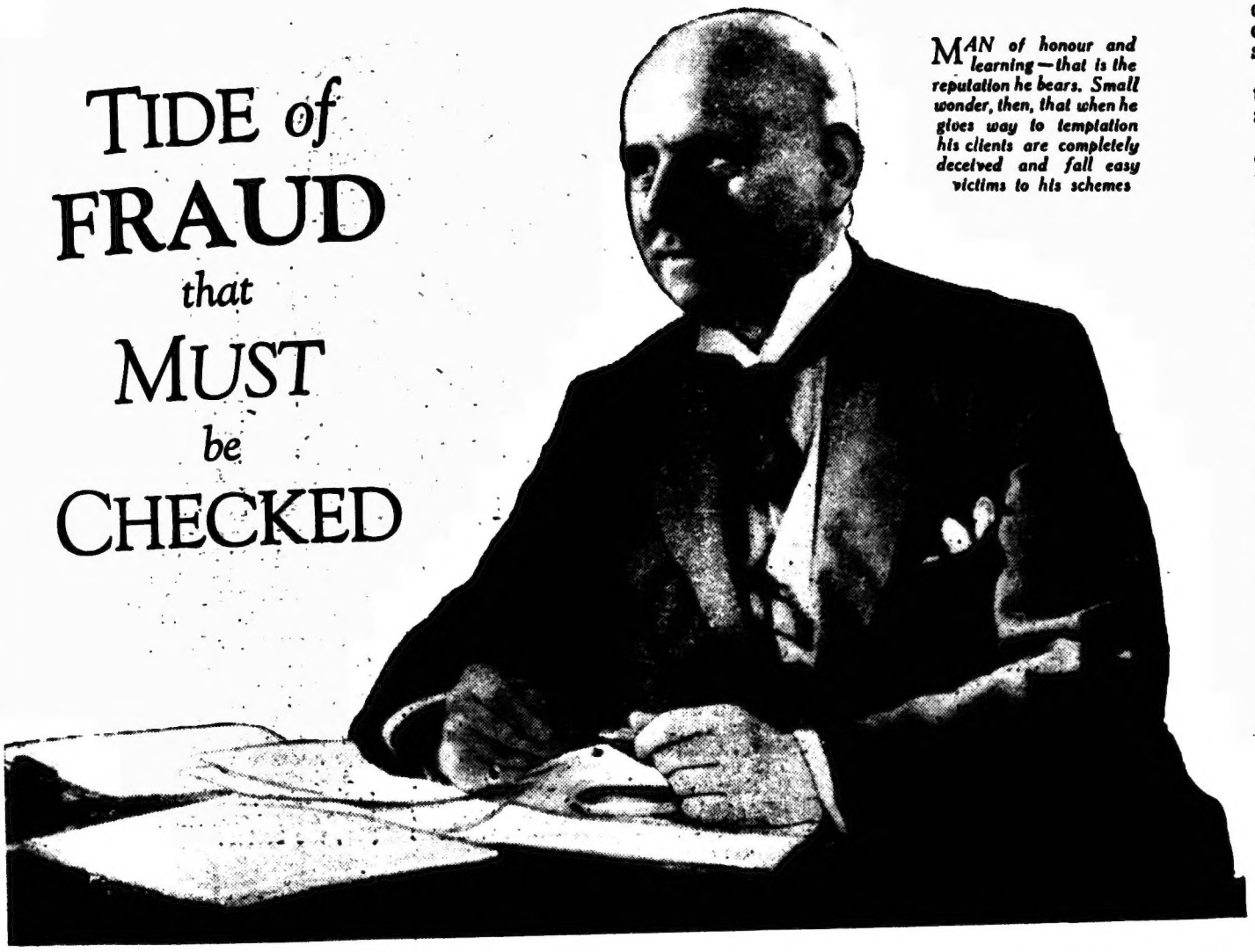
The way to keep young is to acquire new interests, to keep on doing things, and to keep on doing them with zest and enthusiasm.

New interests, enthusiasm, and what is known as "keeping up with the times" are inoculations of mental monkey glands, and they are far more effective than Voronoff's monkey glands ever were!

For they cost nothing, they can be self-administered, and their action is certain.

by ROGUE SOLICITORS

TIDE of FRAUD that MUST be CHECKED



MAN of honour and learning—that is the reputation he bears. Small wonder, then, that when he gives way to temptation his clients are completely deceived and fall easy victims to his schemes

mixed moneys handed to him professionally with his own personal funds, and in the end, after a number of other charges had been made against him, he was sent to prison for three years' penal servitude.

A stupendous case is that of a well-known City of London solicitor named George Stanley Brighten. Until quite recently he had a big practice for years in Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mixed accounts

One day a bankruptcy notice was filed against him, and clients found grave cause for alarm when they began to receive a few of the official particulars which were subsequently issued concerning his involved affairs.

He finished up with a "wrong-side" bank balance of £88,000, with assets which realised something in the neighbourhood of a thousand pounds!

Much of the £88,000 was due to clients who had entrusted their moneys to him, or instructed him to settle and prosecute civil claims on their behalf, and who had received nothing whatever in return.

Again the manipulation of clients' moneys in his own banking account was the origin of his downfall, which came when he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey to be sentenced to penal servitude for his gross and wicked frauds.

And with his fall once more an indelible blot fell upon the good name of a great profession which, if it wants to free itself from further scandals of this abominable character, must take some real and effective steps to do so.

If anyone doubts the gravity of this scandal, which affects every part of the country, let him consider a few further cases in summarised form.

In every one of these the same old story is to be found—the story of mixed banking accounts!

John Haughton, of Manchester, forged and uttered clients' securities and embezzled moneys amounting to £13,000.

Wilfred Wilson Legge, of Mold, Flint, decamped to New Zealand when his fraudulent activities became evident to the authorities.

John Humphrey Mockridge, of Ealing, used moneys received on behalf of clients through the instrumentality of his personal banking account.

William Douglas Sanders, of Mayfair and Brighton, converted £4,000—part of the proceeds of an estate—and afterwards worked as a greengrocer in the hope of making amends.

Jonathon Clarke, aged 81, received a twelve-months sentence from a judge who told him that but for his age he would have gone to penal servitude.

These are a few glaring examples taken at random.

There is still a worse one than any of them—that of Kenneth Bartlett, trading as Bartlett and Company, of Cannon Street, London, who failed with liabilities of £133,000, and was sentenced on specific charges involving £43,000!

Many of his clients were poor people. One was a woman who parted with £427 for a business she never got. Another was an unemployed ex-soldier who paid £450 for a garage Bartlett agreed to purchase on his behalf, though he actually did nothing apart from paying personal bills with the money.

And, again, in his defence, it was the old, old story of 'mixed accounts."

Last year the Law Society made a commendable move towards ending this appalling state of affairs.

A Bill was prepared, the main object of which was to compel solicitors to keep a separate banking account for clients' moneys.

As a result, from January 1 next, an obligation will be placed on all solicitors to keep their own and their clients' accounts separately. But in the view of experts much more will have to be done before the evil of the swindling solicitor can be removed.

One legal journal, in an article dealing with the new Act, stresses this fact by saying that though under the new arrangements there should be less excuse by individual solicitors for a non-appreciation of their personal financial status, the fact remains "*that if a man is bent on dishonesty he will still be able to find the means to compass his evil ends.*"

End it now!

In other words, the new legislation is not strong enough to stop fraudulent solicitors from being fraudulent if they want to be! It will tighten things up, and protect the fool from himself if foolishness is the real cause of disaster.

But it will not cure the evil—as it should and could!

The Law Society should now prepare to go much further.

Moreover, prominent lawyers who realise the suffering caused to clients who have lost all in discreditable transactions of the type we have described, are urging that an official fund should be set up from which redress can be made in all bad cases.

The suggestion is that all solicitors, for the reputation of their great profession, should, according to the scope and financial extent of their practices, contribute to a fund for this purpose.

It is not for us to say whether such a project would be practicable or otherwise. But it *is* for us to say, and we say it most emphatically, that something should be done to end once and for all the disreputable and disgraceful scandal of the swindling solicitor.

HOMELY WISDOM BY CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Wasps . . .

LAST week I remarked to a friend that the present outbreaks of brutal violence all over the world, together with governmental tyranny and intimidation in countries hitherto supposed to be civilised, were symptomatic of mass insanity.

"Oh, it is just the hot weather," he replied. "Have you never noticed that nearly all revolutions or threats of revolution political assassinations, and epidemics of murder, not to speak of big-scale strikes and civil commotions, take place during a heat-wave?

"The Great War itself began in a heat-wave. If we can only tide over the present period of drought and high temperatures without any grave international complications, I think things will settle down again into comparative quietness."

I don't believe this dictum; it is a too simple explanation of the worst expressions of man's inhumanity to man.

But there may be something in it in a small way, for I observe that a rather quarrelsome person with whom I have a distant acquaintance is particularly obstreperous just now and ready to fight his own shadow. I am thankful I don't live in the same house with him. He must be a terribly trying daily companion. His blood seems always to be at fever heat.

But I would rather have to do with a peevish fellow like this, of whom you know the worst to your face, than be forced to associate with the kind of nature that bites and stings behind your back.

It is not in the hottest weather that wasps are most dangerous, but when the chill of autumn begins to be felt. Then it is that they are truly vicious.

There are human beings of waspish disposition who really like to hurt and never lose an opportunity of doing so if consistent with their own safety. It is hard to realise that such people exist, but they certainly do.

* * *

There is a cruel, malignant strain in some members of nearly every community which shows itself in the pleasure they take in causing pain to others who have never done them any harm and whom perhaps they scarcely know.

Let anyone be justly admired in their presence, and at once they will contrive by some cunning hint to throw discredit upon the verdict. They will inject a little poison if they can into any happy friendship; nor do they scruple to invent what would besmirch a reputation if they can discover no real ground for regarding it with suspicion. They leave behind them wherever they go a trail of misunderstandings, violated confidences, resentments, and painful prejudices.

* * *

Such people are a pest to be avoided if possible But if they cannot be avoided the best way of dealing with them is to be perfectly straight without rancour.

Tell them frankly that you refuse to listen to anything against a man who is not there to defend himself. You may make an enemy of the traducer by taking this honest course but better do that than appear to acquiesce even by silence in what is to another's detriment.

Do not imagine for a moment that you are more likely to be spared than anyone else when your back is turned. He who speaks ill of your neighbour to you will speak ill about you to your neighbour.

Above all, abstain from saying about anyone what you would not dare to repeat to him. Speak of him as you would wish him to speak of you.

By All Means GO ON ACTING!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. Neville Chamberlain

MY DEAR NEVILLE,—So now you are Acting - Acting Premier. I wonder. . . . Is that as near as you will ever get?

Your father, Joseph, and your brother, Austen, both greater men than you, never attained the Premiership. Will you?

For the time being—the House of Commons is up and the Cabinet can never agree with itself—you are our Boss.

It is a strange accident. Firstly, there was Ramsay's illness—his eyes, they said. Then Baldwin Acting Prime Minister, took a holiday So you became Acting-Acting Prime Minister.

I hope you will not do too much acting, although, frankly in the case of a man like yourself, I prefer acting to action. For, honest though you are, you belong to the Past

Politics is indeed a strange business. I do not wonder that George Arliss recently decided not to act your father's life in a film, after all There would have been so much to leave out—the bit, for instance, where, when he was Lord Mayor of Birmingham the *Daily Telegraph* seriously warned Queen Victoria not to visit the Midland city in case Birmingham's republican Lord Mayor insulted her!

* * *

He lived—that father of yours—to wreck the Liberal Party, to lose Ireland for us by his clumsy and narrow-minded objection to Home Rule, which might have saved for us the Empire as we knew it before the war, and then almost to wreck the Tory Party, by his advocacy of a system of Protection, which, years afterwards, they adopted, with you as its chief advocate.

When your father died, he left behind him nothing but troubles caused by over-boosting of the Dominions, boostings which overseas Britons took too seriously. They began to believe them, just as Kiplingism went to their heads. All that broad-mindedness of overseas Imperialism was just the bunk. For sheer provincialism of thought, for narrowness of viewpoint, you must go to a town like Montreal or Winnipeg. Those cities haven't a tenth of the broadmindedness of the Walworth Road. You yourself discovered that at Ottawa.

* * *

Your father, had an influential section of Toryism had its day, would have taken Sir Arthur Balfour's place as Premier. Then your brother Austen had a big backing at the time when Stanley Baldwin, by sheer luck, got the job.

Now, for months, there has been open revolt against Ramsay MacDonald; yes, and there has been open revolt against Baldwin, the Tory leader.

You embody the hopes of many Conservatives. You are firm. They think we want firmness nowadays, these Diehards.

You inherit from your father an unbending rigidity of mind. Your brother Austen had much charm, where you have none; great personality, whereas you have little. Austen's brave attack on Slumdom, not long ago—yes, the slumdom of Birmingham, of which, not many years since, you were Lord Mayor—and his attack on Hitlerism, marked him out as a man with more courage of mind than you will ever possess.

Yet, I do not know. . . .

In Birmingham, when you were Lord Mayor, you championed wholeheartedly a municipal bank. Walthamstow wants to copy it. Glasgow sent to look at it. All sorts of towns, admiring the bank you founded with a reversion to the municipal socialism of your father's early manhood, realised that they could raise money much cheaper that way that it was a good idea.

Then, almost before you knew where you were, you, because L. G. found you during the war, you became Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Government to whom municipal banks and all they stood for were anathema.

I do not wonder that old-fashioned Tories like you. During your reign as Chancellor, social services have been scrapped, education has been starved, wages have been reduced—yes, and the bill for armaments has gone up.

* * *

We cannot afford teachers. But we can afford aeroplanes. We cannot afford proper housing. But we can afford more warships. We can afford nothing but Waste. We can buy nothing except the means by which we can blunder into another war.

And that's why I say that while you are Acting-Acting Prime Minister the more acting and less action we get from you, the better!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Ven. E. N. SHARPE,
Archdeacon of London

VENERABLE SIR,—"Never more than to-day was education needed on the subject of alcoholism, especially among young people," you declared in the pulpit of St. Paul's.

Then you had to admit that there is much less drunkenness to-day—largely because, as you said, of the spread of education, better housing conditions and a higher social standard.

Precisely. That is why there is much *less* need for anti-drink education. Let the temperance advocates turn their attention to far graver social evils.

JOHN BULL.

Judge CRAWFORD,
Edmonton County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—So you have really got to retire, after all.

It is good to find a man so interested in his job as you are in yours, but I cannot agree that seventy-three is too young an age for retirement.

And I'm sure you remember that, if you stayed on, you would be debarring a younger man from promotion.

JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
Northumberland

GENTLEMEN,—Don't wail that you give too good a hot dinner because well-fed motor-cyclists—twelve in one week—turn up at your Belford institution for week-ends.

Just send them packing with a reminder that the money they spend on petrol would buy food.

The interests of the really needy demand it.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM DAVID GREGORY,
Spring Hill, Birmingham

GREGORY,—Rarely have I been more sickened than by your cowardly and inhuman theft.

A youth of eighteen, you have been plundering your mother's life savings of £200—stealing it week by week until you have spent the lot on sweets, the kinema, and new clothes which you were too artful to wear at home.

Not until your mother went to take out some of the money to buy you a present did she discover the loss. Well, it will take you a long time to repay her, but that must be your task if you have a single spark of decency.

JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Radnorshire

GENTLEMEN,—You do well to protest against the atrociously long hours of evening work which schoolgirls must do to prepare for a needlework test.

One Presteign girl worked 175 hours after school in three weeks, others nearly as long.

I agree that needlework should be part of every girl's education, but when made so rigorous it might well prove injurious to health.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. JAMES ELWELL,
Rural Dean of Harlow, Essex

DEAR SIR,—"One of the ideals of Christianity is that the strong should help the weak."

That was your bitter but just comment on the Board of Finance's decree that parishes which don't pay their contributions should receive no help from diocesan funds.

Supposing the parishes can't afford to pay? Will the diocese consider shekels more important than souls?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. A. GRIFFITH,
Aberdare Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—In a street betting case you not only let the defendant off with a small fine but ordered that money and slips found on him should be returned.

"Betting on a big scale is winked at by the authorities, betting on a small scale brings the offender before the court," you caustically observed.

I wish there were more magistrates who recognised the gross injustice of the betting laws.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN STAFF,
Howard Street, North Shields

DEAR JOHN,—When a three-story tenement caught fire you led out your mother, returned to bring out a baby in your arms and lead another tiny tot by the hand; then, when retreat was cut off by flames, you remembered a skylight and managed to save, in all, seven persons.

V.C.s have been won at your age, John. But I doubt if many lads of eighteen have shown more typical British pluck and coolness.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor Mrs. E. L. DOOLEY,
Hemsworth, Yorkshire

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad that your colleagues agree with your protest against test-work for the unemployed in your district—the only place in the West Riding where it survives.

The case of a young man having to work twenty-eight hours a week for 8s. exposes it, once again, as a mere excuse to get cheap labour.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. DORAN, M.P.: War inevitable between U.S.A. and Japan within two years, you say. You call this "sensational"—but it's mischievous as well. Dry up!

JOHN BULL.

BOY SCOUTS' ASSOCIATION,
Victoria Street, London, S.W.

GENTLEMEN,—I am sorry that, despite the death of a Boy Scout who fell on his sheath knife, you are not going to restrict the use of these knives.

I consider them little better than daggers.

Surely the folding or jack-knife is just as useful and infinitely safer?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ALFRED A. WALL,
M.O.H., Tipton, Staffs.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Seeing a farmhouse ablaze, you left your car and went to see if medical aid was required.

Official recognition of your offer took the form of a summons for causing obstruction!

I am glad no conviction has been registered against you, though you must feel aggrieved at having to pay costs.

Well, the way of the Good Samaritan, like that of the transgressor, has always been hard—and officialdom likes to make it harder.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR W. QUINTON,
Sittingbourne

SIR,—Very rightly, neighbours complained when you kicked your son and broke a thick stick over his back. But you told the magistrates, "In my opinion I meted out what was proper punishment."

And in my opinion they meted out justice by extracting £6 odd from your pocket. You'll find it cheaper to avoid cruelty in future.

JOHN BULL.

W. J. S. KEMPSTER,
Swansea

ROGUE,—Bathers will be glad to know that you are to serve six months' hard labour, for they have suffered at your tricky hands.

Having waited until they were in the sea, you stole their money, clothing, watches and other articles, thefts which can only be regarded as despicable in every way.

Your offence is all the more reprehensible since you led a young lad astray, and six months is not too severe a sentence.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED J. NOBLE,
Finsbury Park, London

DEAR SIR,—The North London magistrate, on behalf of the Carnegie Hero Trust Fund, has presented you with a framed certificate for "heroic endeavour to save life." In doing this, he remarked that there was surely someone in this country who would give you a job.

There surely must be. You certainly deserve such a practical reward for your brave deed in saving a child from being knocked down by a car—an act of heroism that resulted in you yourself being injured.

JOHN BULL

NOT OUR RHINE!

Mr. Baldwin looks towards the Rhine. But what is it he really sees there?

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE was one passage in Mr. Baldwin's speech on the Government's air force expansion programme which must be cleared up. If it meant what, on the face of it, it seemed to mean it is the most alarming statement that has been made from the Government benches in this or any other Parliament.

If it meant what some of those who heard take it to mean it was innocent enough, but unfortunately phrased, and should be cleared of all doubt. The passage is this:

"Let us never forget this—since the day of the air the old frontiers are gone. When you think of the defence of England you can no longer think of the chalk cliffs of Dover. *You think of the Rhine. That is where to-day our frontier lies.*"

It is obvious that this can be read in two ways. It may have a political meaning or a strategic meaning. It may be simply the statement of an axiom of air-war strategy. The axiom is this, that as the range and speed of the bomber increases, the attack of the enemy must be fought at an increasing distance from our shores. That distance in the present stage of development is represented by the Rhine. If Mr. Baldwin meant this, he was simply announcing the obvious, but announcing it in a highly equivocal way.

We remember . .

But this is not the reading which has been seized on in the French Press—and not in the French Press only. According to the view held in these quarters Mr. Baldwin was hinting at a revolutionary change of policy. He was suggesting that, whether we like it or not, the facts of aerial warfare are thrusting us into common defensive action with France and Belgium, foreshadowing a revival of the French alliance.

Which is the right view? Inspired statements from Whitehall deny that Mr. Baldwin's remarks had any relation to policy, and Sir John Simon, in his subsequent speech in the House of Commons, flatly contradicted the suggestion that the pressure of France had anything to do with our air policy. "It is not true," he said, "that the Government's proposals had been caused or actuated in any way by conversations with any other Power or Powers. The subject has not been the subject of any conversations with any other Power."

I do not for a moment question the strict veracity of Sir John's denial, but Sir John must forgive us if we remember the denials of our commitments to France before 1914. Those denials were also strictly true.

But that, as we know now, did not preclude the fact that the military staffs of both countries had for years been discussing the problems of a common defence in the event of a war with Germany And, as we also know now, those discussions in the end implied something like a moral obligation on our part to ally ourselves with France when the fateful day came.

Are we quite sure that similar discussions between the military staffs are not proceeding now? And, if so, can we complain if the more sinister interpretation of Mr. Baldwin's statement that our frontier henceforth lies on the Rhine finds acceptance in the French Press and is construed by Germany into a proof that our military policy is influenced by the French General Staff?

Isolation won't do

There is no question, of course, that the dominant interest of French policy is that this country should be induced to extend its frontier to the Rhine. That would mean a cast-iron and indestructible alliance with France. It would give her as a guarantee of security all the resources of the British Empire. It would subordinate the policy of this country for all time to that of France. And it would make France permanently the mistress of Europe.

This has been the objective of French policy ever since the war. There are, of course, pacific elements in that country which believe, as we do, that the only durable basis of peace in Europe is a general reconciliation and accommodation under the League of Nations. Briand believed that and advocated a United States of Europe.

But French policy is dictated by the Quai d'Orsay and the General Staff. Unlike the policy of this country, which is subject to the changing complexion of Parliament, it never varies in its aim. It is always military in its outlook and rests upon the calculations of force.

We can have no part or lot in such a policy. This does not mean, as poor Lord Beaverbrook seems to think, that we can shut ourselves up in our right little, tight little island, and have nothing to do, either politically or economically, with the Continent.

Isolation was a possible policy once. It is merely a childish dream to-day. We are as much a part of the Continent as we should be if the Straits of Dover had become a dry ditch. Indeed, the conquest of the air has obliterated the Straits of Dover.

We cannot cut adrift from Europe any more than the arm can cut adrift from the body. And the fact that we are more vitally attached to it now than ever we were makes our concern in its fate the more acute. We want a Europe settled, reconciled and prosperous. We want this not for Europe's sake only, but for our own sake.

And we can never have this from a Europe armed to the teeth and mobilised into rival camps. We can only have it from a Europe at peace.

If we were insane enough to extend our frontier to the Rhine we should create a Europe in which war and the preparation for war would be the sole preoccupation. We should announce to the world that henceforth we were committed to the defence of France against all comers and to the dominance of France over the whole stage of Europe.

That would be a challenge to the Continent that would not and could not be tolerated. It would blow the League of Nations into fragments, and lead to a rival combination of Powers to resist the Anglo-French hegemony of Europe.

Nor if such a policy were adopted could it be maintained. The Government that proposed it would be scattered by a blast of public anger. Memories are too recent and too tragic to permit of the people of this country being inveigled into another military alliance which would set the stage for another war

Never again

And the person who can conceive the British working man enlisting passionately for an Anglo-French "Watch on the Rhine" does not know much about the British working man. The British working man has kept his "Watch on the Rhine" once. He will make short work of any Government that invites him to keep it again.

I am sure that Mr. Baldwin has no illusions on this point. And I am equally sure that he is as convinced as anyone that the salvation of European civilisation is not through military alliances but through the conversion of Europe to the plain lesson that war and civilisation can no longer co-exist.

But he ought not to have talked about our "Rhine frontier." He ought not to have talked about "frontiers" at all in such a connection. And he should take an early opportunity of removing an impression that ought not to have been created.

Not from the B.B.C.—

Menials in Sport

GOD bless the British working man,
The salt of this our land!
His record in the war was such
We cannot honour him too much,
But he must not demand
Concessions which, if granted, would
Not be for his nor for our good!

As citizen, the plumber is
Entitled to respect,
And so is any artisan;
But in the realm of sport these can-
Not hope with the elect
To mingle. They would *never* do
As members of a rowing crew!

Our oarsmen up to now have all
Been fellows of the sort
(Like clerks employed by decent firms)
That one can meet on equal terms;
'Twould be for British Sport
A very sad and sorry day
If menials joined the A.R.A.!

If you think the rhyme I have read misrepresents the attitude of the Amateur Rowing Association, let me refer you to the association's own rule which debars from membership anyone who "is, or has been, a mechanic, artisan or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty."

This has been a rule since 1882, and, because of it, when, years ago, Mr. Charles Sconce, the present Mayor of Chester, and some other plumbers' apprentices formed a crew they were barred from membership of the association.

Many crabs have been caught by amateur oarsmen since those far-off days, but the Mayor has not forgotten the gratuitous affront then offered to him and his fellow-apprentices, and this is why he has refused to act as president of the Chester Regatta.

We may well marvel at the bizarre mentality of those who drew up this rule in the naughty eighties.

But those misguided would-bes, belonging to a period when ownership of a bell-topper, with whiskers to match, was considered essential for an amateur sportsman, were less open to censure than the present generation of rowing snobs which has declined to alter the rule.

* * *

Numerous attempts have been made to change it, the last only a year or two ago. But the awful prospect that a bank clerk or an Adonis from the gent's hosiery department might find himself in an eight with someone who "is, or has been, engaged in menial duty" has always proved too much for the Vere de Veres of the rowing world.

To one lily-white upholder of amateurism I am indebted for the explanation that before a man is admitted to any amateur sport it should be considered whether he is fitted by his outlook upon sport and his behaviour socially to join what should be select circles."

What, I wonder, are the forms of social misbehaviour of what it is thought an artisan might be guilty? Is it feared that at an annual "do" he might send shudders down A.R.A. spines by appearing in a borrowed dress-suit or picking his teeth with an oar?

This *may* be what they are frightened of, but when I consider the assurance of the Hon John Fremantle, the honorary secretary of the A.R.A., that a system which has been so often attacked "has worked very well in practice," I cannot help suspecting that their fears are really of a very different nature.

Although at times the hoi polloi
About the A.R.A. employ
Harsh words, the simple fact is,
The rule that they dilate upon,
To quote the Honourable John,
"Works very well in practice."

For how, I ask you, could we hope
With Bolshevism still to cope
And save a widespread panic,
If men stroked by an Oxford "blue"
Were badly beaten by a crew
Stroked by a mere mechanic?

JOHN BULL.

AMAZING FUN FAIR SCANDAL

Co'oured citizens in a street in Kingston, Jamaica. They all went to the Fun Fair. And the police looked in, too . . .

A FRANK speculation which ends in financial disaster calls for very little sympathy with the adventurers who have lost their money.

For in other circumstances they might have won a handsome profit. They go into it with their eyes open and run all the attendant risks.

It is merely gambling.

But the case is on a different footing when a commercial venture collapses through the unaccountable interference of local authorities.

We are able to give the first full particulars of such a case—which concerns the complete and utter failure of what was described as a "Great Fun Fair and Amusement Park."

The magnet

In the earlier part of this year an Empire Trade Exhibition was held in the town of Kingston, which is the capital of the island of Jamaica.

The exhibition was most admirably arranged and supported by firms of known repute, and against it we have not the slightest criticism to offer.

As an adjunct to the exhibition proper an Amusement Park was organised, and showmen in England were invited by advertisement to take part.

Really, this Fun Fair was to be the magnet of the exhibition. By its diversity of attraction it was to draw the people, so that when they had exhausted the Fair delights they would refresh their energies at the more serious and sober trade display stalls.

Space concessions for the fair ground on Kingston Racecourse were sold in England through Mr. Claude Ginnett—a well-known figure in the show world—who undoubtedly did his best to provide a varied and comprehensive show of all the kind of things—mechanical, competitive and athletic—which make up a good and adequate amusement park.

Forty showmen went out from this country to take part, having undertaken to pay for the privilege of so doing. They had also to find their own passage money and the cost of transporting their properties.

They built up their apparatus and stalls with a good deal of pride, and in high hope of fine return, and unquestionably the "Great Fun Fair" was the best display of its kind Jamaica had ever seen.

With a due flourish of publicity, the Exhibition and Fair were declared open.

For exactly three days—and three days only—the Fair ran in full blast, and was well patronised by the inhabitants of Kingston, particularly by the coloured people.

Then the Kingston police descended in a raid on the fairground, and closed all the different and varied devices which were judged to have an element of gambling about their manipulation.

Race games, "lucky wheels" and "fruit machines"—all were barred. What was more, the police decided that even such innocent amusements as coco-nut shies, dart ranges and bowling alleys could not be permitted because a strain of chance governed the winning of prizes.

So this was the position; half the Fair was derelict by order of the local authorities. There were no material sideshows to the larger entertainments of thrill and excitement. Naturally, the Fair was a failure after such drastic action, and thousands of pounds were lost to the English showmen.

Practically all the shows which were shut down by the police in Jamaica were of the type seen at every exhibition and fair in this country.

Stranded showmen

Moreover, all the showmen who suffered received an assurance, when they signed their concession contracts, that they would be allowed to operate their own particular sideshows in Kingston.

A storm of criticism followed the partial closing of the Fun Fair.

"We should never have expected this tyrannical attitude on the part of the police authorities," declared the chief daily newspaper of Jamaica. "It means, of course, financial ruin to the Exhibition, for, without amusements of this kind, people will not go to the Exhibition—and it is a fact that many of the entertainment purveyors are destitute in Kingston."

Pitiful indeed was the plight of a number of the showmen. They had spent all their available funds in conveying their amusements to the West Indies, and within a short space of time were without the means to purchase the bare necessities of life.

They had planned to live and save on the revenue accruing daily from the Fair, and when the closure was enforced they had absolutely nothing.

Assistance was given in some instances by the Salvation Army and the Y.M.C.A., but the authorities of the island took no step whatever to assist the stranded Britishers. The Governor-General, when approached on their behalf, referred them to the poor relief department of Jamaica.

Indeed, a grievous scandal that Englishmen should have been treated in such a way in a British Crown Colony—misled by mistaken assurances to embark on a legitimate enterprise, and then stopped from participating by the police.

Only through the generous and kindly consideration of a British shipping line were the stranded showmen repatriated. They were brought back to England without payment of their fares on an agreement that they would repay the company at some subsequent time.

When they left Jamaica the majority of them had not a penny piece. The sailors in the steamer in which they sailed provided many of them, out of charity, with cigarettes and tobacco for the voyage home.

So ended the disastrous "Great Fun Fair" of Jamaica.

Having regard to these unhappy circumstances, it is in the public interest that we call attention to an advertisement which appeared recently in a London daily newspaper.

Abstain!

This advertisement, under the heading of "Business Opportunities," called for partners to take shares in a fun fair and carnival in the island of Jamaica.

It was stated that there would be no opposition to the entertainment, which was to start shortly, and that the requisite capital from each partner was to be £500.

Applicants were to communicate with Mr. Claude Ginnett, at an address in Kennington, London.

Now, this is the same Mr. Ginnett as arranged the concessions for the fun fair which was a failure. He, of course, is fully aware of all that happened in Jamaica to ruin the previous showground.

The apparatus in which Mr. Ginnett is asking partners to invest is mainly the permissible stuff which was left behind at the termination of the Trade Exhibition. But without the other sideshows that were banned, can any Fair be successful?

After our disclosures of the unhappy experiences of other English showmen in Jamaica, we suggest that abstinence is the wisest—and, indeed, the only safe—course to take with the show business in that island.

THREE ROGUES IN A BOAT: *Surprising Sequel*

AN interesting sequel to Sir Wyndham Childs' exposure, "Three Rogues in a Boat," is the number of letters of appreciation we have received from readers who were offered berths in the schooner *Six Sisters*.

These letters are for the most part from young men who had felt tempted to avail themselves of what appeared to be an opportunity for adventure, and it is obvious that a large number of the 240 applicants have narrowly escaped both an unpleasant experience and the loss of money they could ill afford to lose.

Not the least interesting of all the various communications with which we have been favoured is a telegram from Hull, which was apparently despatched by the most notorious of the precious trio concerned.

In this telegram, Plant, a crook who not so long ago was released from jail after serving a sentence of seven years' penal servitude for robbery with violence, offered us both his congratulations and further particulars.

The first we accept, if only in confirmation of the thanks already expressed by many readers who have been saved by our timely warning.

One young man who put up £30, hoping to find romance and adventure, is now back in London after spending a week on board the vessel.

The record of his experiences reads very much like a chapter from a sea story by Jack London.

He found the *Six Sisters* a "hungry ship," more than thirty years old, disused for some considerable time, in a dirty and neglected condition.

With three other men who had parted with even larger sums of money to St. Claire, he was set to scrubbing and painting, and generally carrying out the instructions of the bogus skipper "Captain" William Guy.

One investor who arrived from Birmingham to join the expedition was so disgusted that he went home the next day.

The remainder carried on, but they got very little food.

When fresh water was required one of their number ploughed through the mud to obtain a bucketful from a pump ashore.

After this manner, Guy set out to prove himself a stern taskmaster of the "old school," and at night he went ashore to the nearest public-house.

While the men who had parted with money in order to join a company bound on a pearling and trading venture to the South Seas did their uttermost to get the hulk ready for the voyage, Guy indulged in drunken orgies.

While they kept watch at night, he came on board and gave vent to that other side of his character which before now has landed him in jail.

It is not astonishing to learn that at the end of a week the London man decided that Guy was not a fit person with whom to trust his fortunes over a period of years at sea.

On his behalf, his father is now making strenuous efforts to recover the £30 which he handed over to St. Claire by way of contribution.

Others who had volunteered both financial and active support to what on the face of it appeared to be a genuine endeavour to emulate the example of the merchant adventurers of days gone by, have now withdrawn.

It is to be regretted that those who have actually parted with money did not seek our advice in the first place; but that we have been able to warn so many intending investors in time is due to the splendid co-operation of those readers in London, Hull, Wolverhampton and Birmingham whose letters started our investigations.

£5,000 PIGEON DERBY

Important Notice

Calling all pigeon fanciers in Great Britain! There is now no time to lose if you are entering the great £5,000 Pigeon Derby to be flown on Saturday, September 1.

All registrations *must* be received by the *Daily Herald* on or before Monday, August 13.

The Derby is open to all fanciers in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, provided they are members of a recognised union. The mammoth prize-list consists of: £5,000 *in cash; a magnificent Gold Trophy; a fine Club Challenge Cup.*

All that you have to do is to enter in your own club or federation race on September 1, first registering your birds with the *Daily Herald*. Write now to the Secretary, Pigeon Derby (Dept. J.), 222-5, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Tortured FOR TEN SHILLINGS

Mr. Richard Cherry. For eight years he has never risen from his bed. His physical health has been made worse by the anguish of this persecution

Wicked Outrage on Invalid of 73

WHICH is the worst-administered town in all Britain?

If a series of grievous scandals and the display of savagery by its rulers rds defenceless citizens is a suffi- test, then the unhappy distinction sily conferred.

belongs to the ancient borough of ston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

ith dismal regularity for years there has leaked out from King- news of one disgraceful happening r another.

he range of these deplorable inci- s has been so wide as to include a ssal bluff played by the local autho- to prevent needed building develop- t, hushing up the facts and refus- to prosecute in flagrant cases of ng diseased meat, and brutally ring the truth about the unneces- deaths of helpless children in local itutions.

ow from this town of many scandals es a story of official persecution and elty which can never have been sur- sed in any other community in the d.

Stricken down

he victims are Mr. and Mrs. Richard erry, of 13, Fairfield East, Kingston, h of whom are seventy-three years age.

They have been good citizens since t they set up house in Kingston ty-four years ago, but that fact unts for nought in the eyes of the horities, who have seemingly re- led in their oppression of the poor d aged couple.

From boyhood Mr. Cherry was with e East Surrey Regiment, mostly in dia, and, after a full and excellent riod of Army service, was established Kingston for the rest of his active e as a master tradesman in a boot d shoe business.

But a fairly prosperous and entirely nourable career was ended eight- ars ago when Mr. Cherry, then sixty-five, was completely stricken in the last stages of an incurable internal malady, the origin and cause of which could be traced to his early service in the torrid East.

Ever since then he has been bed-ridden and utterly helpless. A number of major operations had to be performed in quick succession and seven spells of hospital treatment have been necessary in a few years.

The cost of surgical aid to preserve his life so rapidly diminished the resources of Mr. Cherry and his wife that they became impoverished and, for a time, had to be maintained by poor-law relief.

Then, at seventy, the couple obtained the old-age pension, and on it they have had to exist since with the addition of an allowance of 6s. weekly paid in respect of one of their sons who was killed on the Somme while serving with his father's regiment.

The weekly income of 26s. from these sources, however, does not go far. Fourteen shillings is required for rent, and after light, heat, funeral insurance and similar liabilities are met, scarcely enough remains to pay for the doctor's bills and the surgical necessities and medicines which have to be provided daily for Mr. Cherry.

The invalid and his wife are, therefore, often without the means to obtain even bread.

Recently, the family doctor found it necessary that Mr. Cherry should again enter hospital for a further and urgent operation. An ambulance van owned by the Kingston Council was summoned to remove him.

Simultaneously with his return home, the council sent to Mr. Cherry a bill for 10s. for the use of the ambulance.

The hospital to which Mr. Cherry was taken is only about 1,000 yards from his home, and the journey occupies scarcely three minutes. Ten shillings is, therefore, in any case an exorbitant charge.

Plea answered . . .

But to Mr. and Mrs. Cherry it was a demand impossible to meet. If they tried to pay the bill they saw that, apart from going without food, no bandages, medicines and the like could be bought for Mr. Cherry for some weeks.

The circumstances of the old couple were well known to the local authority, but, lest they had been overlooked in rendering the account, an imploring letter was sent to the municipal offices.

The extreme poverty of the Cherry's home and the helplessness of Mr. Cherry for eight years were set forth with an appeal for at least some measure of mercy to be shown to him and his wife.

There had, however, been no oversight. The appeal was met by a repetition of the bill for 10s. and a curt demand for immediate payment.

Again and again the council was asked to show clemency to the old man and woman, but always the answer was a brutal refusal, accompanied by threats of legal process.

They were deaf to the plea that a rich town like Kingston could surely afford to provide a short ambulance journey without cost to a broken citizen who had been a ratepayer in the borough for nearly half a century.

Hope killed

Pathetically Mr. Cherry wrote to the council also that, following his years of bodily suffering and want, their threatening letters "have now worn me out."

It was a last despairing cry from an aged man who had served his town and country well and for whom the rest of life is empty. It was of no avail.

There came one gleam of possible compassion. The borough treasurer wrote to Mr. Cherry informing him that the facts of his case would at last be presented to the Highways Committee of the council.

Hope had been raised only to be destroyed. A few days later came another letter—signed by the Town Clerk himself—giving Mr. Cherry seven days in which to pay the 10s. or to be summoned to the county court.

This was no empty threat. From his invalid couch one day soon afterwards, Mr. Cherry saw a man come to the cottage door and depart at once after ringing the bell.

Mrs. Cherry hastened to answer the call, but on opening the door she could only discern the visitor disappearing in a hurry at the end of the road.

In the porch lay a county court summons for 10s. and costs!

Seemingly the representative of the council who had been sent to serve the summons had felt the shame of the callous mission more than his employers did.

And Mr. Cherry found that he had been ordered to appear before the court on his seventy-third birthday—last Friday.

He could only do so if taken there in an ambulance and on a stretcher which the Kingston Council would have to provide!

Happily, knowledge of the terrible persecution of Mr. Cherry came to JOHN BULL before the case was due to be heard, and, to end the mental torture which he was enduring and to save him and his wife the shame and ordeal of appearing in court, we at once paid the cowardly claim and costs of the Kingston Council.

Helplessness mocked

The tragedy of this barbarous persecution of two septuagenarians, however, is not yet ended.

Mr. Cherry's doctor has pronounced that, if his life is to be prolonged, it is essential that he should have still another operation in hospital. The needed operation is now overdue.

But the poor old man, now wrecked in mind and body, cannot go to hospital. The demand of the Kingston Council for the use of the public ambulance makes it impossible.

But surely these disclosures will at last shame the authorities into a more humane conception of their duties.

MR. HYDE REAPPEARS

A HAMMERSMITH reader who responded to an advertisement offering employment, has received a letter from a concern called Solus Sales, Ltd., of 4, Hazlitt House, 43, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

He has been invited to embark upon an arrangement with the managing director of this company, and to deposit the sum of £25 against his being appointed a collector.

According to Solus Sales, Ltd., it has work of a permanent character, for which a liberal commission will be paid.

* * *

Whilst no mention is made of wages our reader is assured by Mr. B. J. Hyde, for the company, that his money will be returned to him immediately his employment is terminated.

And who is Mr. B. J. Hyde? It is not so long since he was operating from 18, Tudor Street, London, offering £5 a week and a share in what he called a city business to anybody with £150 to invest.

At one time he was selling what he called a Moneylender's Guide for 10s. 6d., and also various kinds of stationery at prices up to 30s.

For a long time he ran what he called the Legal and Commercial Aid Association, and, in conjunction with this, he blossomed out as the London and Provincial Business Aid Association.

* * *

In his new rôle he is the managing director of a company which was formerly doing business in Bristol, but which is now owned and controlled by himself.

The last document to be filed in Somerset House is an urgent official request for annual returns dated March of this year, with which he has not yet complied.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure and quality!

10 FOR 4D

PLAIN OR CORKTIP (MILD)

5 FOR 2D

A Mock MILLIONAIRE RETURNS

—with a New Home Racket

A "home cigarette cabinet" such as the Ruttalex Company deals in

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham CHILDS

OF all the many dubious schemes by which good money is extracted from ill-advised people, none is more widespread than that of the home cigarette [illegible] business.

This extraordinary idea of installing slot-machines in private houses has grown rapidly of recent months.

Every part of the country is being covered by some concern or other that is attempting to exploit this [illegible] tobacco trade in the private [illegible].

From one particular point of view the business—even when carried out with good faith and honesty—is undesirable. I say that because it tends to lead to persistent and consistent evasion of tobacco licence revenue.

This problem, I happen to know, is already engaging the attention of the Customs and Excise Department.

To me personally—and I think to every reasonable individual—the proposition of the home cigarette cabinet is preposterous.

Fantastic claims

Why any private citizen should desire to instal a miniature tobacco kiosk in his own dwelling passes my understanding. But that, of course, is just a matter of inclination.

All manner of fantastic claims are being made by certain companies that are foisting their tobacco cabinets on gullible clients.

Before me, as I write, is a letter sent to a prospective customer by one such company—Ruttalex, Ltd., of Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex.

"Among those operating their own business in various parts of the country under our scheme," states this plausible communication, "are retired Civil Servants and others on pension—men and women actively engaged in other businesses—professional men—young men and women, who have been seeking suitable scope for their abilities and capital, and ex-members of the Services.

"These are making handsome profits by personally, or through employees, operating businesses ranging in size from small local ones to county organisations.

"We provide the customers and efficiently initiate the business for our clients."

After that comes a well-baited statement of the alleged profits which can be made by buying the cabinets supplied by Ruttalex, Ltd

It is as follows:—

"ON 100 CUSTOMERS, e.g.,

"£250 a year and upwards assured income on a capital of £175.

"No office or shop rent, rates, taxes, lighting and other overhead charges.

"Only about twenty hours a week work for one person.

("On 200 customers, one person single-handed can make £10 a week and upwards.")

A fortune for them!

Surprising! The directors of Ruttalex are philanthropists. The obvious comment on this exceptional offer is:—

If so much money can be made on home cigarette cabinets, why do the directors of Ruttalex, Ltd., farm out the profits? Why not control the whole thing from A to Z and become a millionaire company?

Really, it is amazing that people can be beguiled by such ridiculous sales "talk."

Because, on the surface, the whole proposal is such a remarkable one, I instructed a member of my Investigation Staff to make full inquiries into Ruttalex, Ltd., and the result has been well worth his trouble and time.

Actually, the main objective of Ruttalex, Ltd., is to sell cigarette cabinets in large quantities.

The price they now charge for these small mirrored cupboards is £175 *a hundred*, and they endeavour, all the time, to make deals of a hundred cabinets or more.

One of the better type Ruttalex cabinets has passed through my hands, and I have had it valued.

This cabinet, for which Ruttalex, Ltd., charge no less than £1 15s., can be made and sold at a profit for *seven shillings*.

And the company claims that they have sold more than twenty thousand such cabinets to their unfortunate clients!

Open to abuse

But, in fairness to Ruttalex, Ltd., it must be said that for the £1 15s. they receive for each seven-shilling cabinet, they also give what they describe as "service."

A person buys a hundred Ruttalex cabinets at an outlay of £175, and the company sends canvassers into the district to find a hundred houses in which the householders are silly enough to consent to take the cabinets.

These canvassers are paid only on commission on orders they secure—a kind of employment which is open to many abuses.

Frequently the supposed orders for the cabinets from householders are quite valueless, and, at the best, there is no undertaking from the householders to purchase cigarettes from the cabinets when installed.

Householders, pestered to death by these commission canvassers, and to save further worry, sign a form, which commits them to nothing at all. The form reads:—

"Please supply me with one Cigarette Cabinet. I/We smoke ..... brand of cigarettes; quantity approximately required per week .....

"I understand your collector will call once per week or oftener (if required) to collect cash and refill Cabinet.

"I quite understand the Cabinet is on loan, free of charge, and remains the property of the Distributors, and agree to the above terms. (Signed) ....."

What it all means in effect is that people pay £175 to Ruttalex, Ltd., for one hundred cigarette cabinets, and very quickly discover that the business they can do in the household sale of branded cigarettes is problematical in the extreme.

One thing the company most emphatically *does not* do in all cases, and that is explain to their clients that for each separate cigarette cabinet placed in a house it is necessary to purchase a tobacco retailer's licence. That brings the cost of each cabinet to more than £2.

Indeed, I have evidence before me that the representatives of Ruttalex assure clients that "no tobacco licence is necessary for the cabinets"—a point which I commend to the notice of the Customs and Excise authorities.

Quite seriously, I class the whole business of Ruttalex, Ltd., as a flamboyant exploitation of the public.

I am not at all surprised that, on investigation, the company shows in such an unfavourable light, because some of the people who are connected with it have come under my notice before.

Sir Edward Forber, of the Customs and Excise Board. Home cabinets are already engaging his attention

Ruttalex, Ltd., is a public company, registered in the summer of last year, with a capital of £25,000. It shares offices and is linked with a chain of private companies, Normax, Ltd., H.T.S. Cabinets, Ltd., Spenalex, Ltd., and M.D.X. Cabinets, Ltd., all of which were formed to act as tobacconists and newsagents, and to manufacture and distribute cigarette machines.

Prominent as a director of this group, until recently, and associated actively in the formation of the companies, was a fellow named Cecil Edmund Nagle-Alexander.

Now, I have a record on my files concerning this same Nagle-Alexander and his elderly father, David Francis Alexander. Together these two have been connected with a number of company failures in the past

At the present time Nagle-Alexander is a bankrupt, and because of the bankruptcy proceedings had, of course, to resign his directorships. His place as director, however, was taken by one or other of his two sisters.

They are accustomed to bankruptcy in the Alexander family, for the father was made bankrupt in 1927, and his discharge—obtained in 1930—was suspended for five years.

In the course of his public examination in bankruptcy Nagle-Alexander admitted that several of the companies in which he had borne a part were moribund and the shareholders in them had never received a penny.

Questioned by the Official Receiver, Nagle-Alexander confessed that some years ago he worked for a company called Petrol Filling Stations, Ltd., which went into voluntary liquidation.

He bought the company's property from the liquidator for £1,000 and sold it for £3,000. Arising from that sale an action was brought against him and his father for damages, alleging false and fraudulent misrepresentations and conspiracy to defraud. That action resulted in judgment against him for £2,000 and costs.

The soap-bubble

Now something as to the history of Father Alexander. Some time ago he was exposed in JOHN BULL.

He was then operating at Eastbourne, posing as a millionaire, and taking money from people who were unlucky enough to believe his stories and invest in two of his soap-bubble companies—the Dower Syndicate, Ltd., and Auto-Hairdressing Salons, Ltd.

During a County Court action against David Alexander at Eastbourne, the learned judge declared that he had formed the opinion that the Alexanders, father and son, were quite unprincipled

It was stated in the proceedings that £1,200 had been obtained from the public by Auto-Hairdressing Salons, Ltd.

Other points made clear during the action were that Alexander the elder—an undischarged bankrupt—used his son Nagle-Alexander and other members of his family as his nominees in his company activities, and that he was proposing to enter the home cigarette cabinet business.

This business was first exploited by Alexander's old company—the Dower Syndicate, Ltd., and the Spenalex, Ltd., and M.D.X. Cabinets, Ltd., were established to carry out agreements with the Dower Syndicate.

So the chain was continued by various agreements, through the different companies, until Ruttalex, Ltd., became the main operating factor.

It is particularly interesting, therefore, to know that two of Alexander's daughters are connected with the companies in some official capacity or other.

Lurking behind the scenes is the father, with his fertile imagination, while his progeny hold the strings.

I commend the attention of the Board of Customs and Excise and also of the Board of Trade to the activities of Ruttalex, Ltd., and its allies.

The Maddest Adventure on Earth

Cocos Island—the Lagoon at sundown.

WHAT is the peculiar attraction about a desert island rotten with rain, on end with landslides, swarming with virulent ants and mosquitoes, and which year after year draws the money of what counsel described in the law courts some time ago as "the evergreen and gullible British public"?

Years of past and painful experience, amounting in some cases to ruin and heartbreak, make it safe to prophesy that not a penny of the money will ever return to the investor.

Yet for all the hard lessons that history should teach, the British public never fails to respond to the lure of the Cocos Island carrot dangled under the end of the donkey's nose. Year after year for the last fifty years at least new victims have fallen to the lure of this so-called treasure island of the North Pacific.

These reflections are suggested by the newest enterprises in this seemingly endless chain.

One is the effort of a Mr. George Cooknell, who is circularising from an address in Regent Street, London, to get money for an expedition that will carry with it three machine-guns, twelve rifles, twelve automatics, and who optimistically announces that arrangements are being made for the actual treasure to be sold at Christie's.

He announces his preparedness to call on the British Navy for protection for the treasure.

The other is the issue of a prospectus of a recently established concern calling itself Treasury Recovery, Limited, which is "to equip an expedition or expeditions to Cocos Island and elsewhere . . . for treasure, precious stones, gold or precious or useful metals . . . to search and mine for diamonds, sapphires, rubies and other precious stones, pearls, rare metals, minerals or other deposits . . . and to carry on business as mine proprietors and manufacturers of and dealers in boilers, turbines, haulage plant, dynamo motors, electrical plant . . . for recovering treasure, precious stones or metals."

The prospectors would seem to have had no difficulty in finding plenty of fool's gold—the only real treasure that has been found for many a year in connection with Cocos Island.

They have chartered a steam yacht, and before the summer is over propose to make a landfall on Cocos Island. Then, it is said, they will survey 350 acres of dense forest and jungle, and when they find the pirate treasure or virgin gold, will send down their drill for a sample.

Alas! for these hopes, they are the stuff of which lunatic dreams are made, the rainbow without a crock of gold at its vanishing point.

One of the directors of this company, Mr. Stratford Joly, has been telling a leading North of England newspaper that they intend to remain on Cocos Island for two years, and that if they fail they can try other things, such as a sunken galleon laden with vast specie and bullion off the coast of Ecuador.

He doesn't explain how so-called radio metal locators, which they plan to use to detect metal underground, can be employed to locate old treasure wrecks. But perhaps he has not been fully quoted by the newspaper.

A prospectus issued by this company some time ago told members of the public to whom it was sent that Colonel John Edwards Leckie, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., a mining engineer of Vancouver, B.C., will join the expedition at Panama. He has "agreed to give the company the benefit of his ten months' experience at Cocos Island."

Now, that is very interesting for several reasons, one of which is that this gentleman was the organiser and director in the field of a previous treasure-hunting expedition to that fatal island.

Now what were Colonel Leckie's experiences then? It may well be a belated warning to those investors who have once more proved the truth of the smallness of the time-gap between a fool and his money.

Let us tell the whole story of the expedition.

Colonel Leckie and five other members of the special company formed sailed in February, 1932, in the motor yacht "Silent Wave" with the following dazzling and romantic objects in view:—

In the first place, they were out to find and dig up the eleven million dollars worth of gold and specie buried in the island by a Portuguese pilot named Bonito, who is said to have plundered ships and towns along the American seaboards and looted the treasures of Spanish Mexico.

In the second place, they were to dig up twelve million dollars worth of ecclesiastical jewels stolen from a Peruvian ship in 1820 by a Scottish pirate named Thompson.

And as if that fabulous collection was not enough, they were to locate the three hundred thousand avoirdupois pounds weight of silver dollars, 733 bars of gold and seven kegs of gold coin alleged to have been hidden by the stout buccaneer, Captain Davis, round about the year 1686.

Now then, evidence for the existence of these great hoards is traditional rather than documentary. Certainly it would not be accepted by a court of law. If, as has been stated repeatedly, the records at Lima, in Peru, give the records in the case of the piracies of the Scotsman Thompson and details of the punishments, it seems curious that no one has yet, in all the years since Cocos Island became famous, produced either a Spanish transcript from these Lima records or an English translation.

As to the fabulous fortune said to have been buried by Bonito, some confirmation or refutation might be expected from the Vice-Admiralty records at Kingston, Jamaica. Certainly a British sloop, H.M.S. *Espiègle*, rounded up pirates said to be connected with Bonito round about 1820 or 1822, and these pirates were tried and might be expected to have made statements in court. But, unfortunately, the Jamaican records are in a state of great confusion, so great that nothing can be expected from that quarter.

That still leaves No. 3 hoard, left by buccaneer Davis. What of that?

That hoard is mythical without any doubt whatsoever. There is not a shadow of evidence in books or contemporary records that Captain Davis either visited or buried treasure on Cocos. In fact, it is known that he divided his loot with his crew at the isle of Plate, very far south of Cocos Island, and then sailed for home

So much for the objects of Cocos Island Treasure, Limited, the company with which members of Colonel Leckie's 1932 expedition were associated. Yet they had another object in view when they sailed—their main objective, it seems.

They were going to seek, it was stated, the treasure of 60,000,000 dollars hidden on Cocos by a certain Bennett Grahame and sailors of *H.M.S. Devonshire*, who turned pirates!

Now this story is utter moonshine. That warship was not even in commission at the time of the alleged cache-making. It is significant, too, that Treasure Recovery, Limited, who now announce that they have secured Colonel Leckie's services for a new expedition, do not mention this absurd legend in either their booklet or their prospectus.

Presumably, Colonel Leckie and his friends are sadder and wiser men in this connection!

Four months after these Argonauts of 1932 had left to seek this golden fleece of the Cocos ram a sensational report that made many old-timers stare with incredulity appeared in London newspapers.

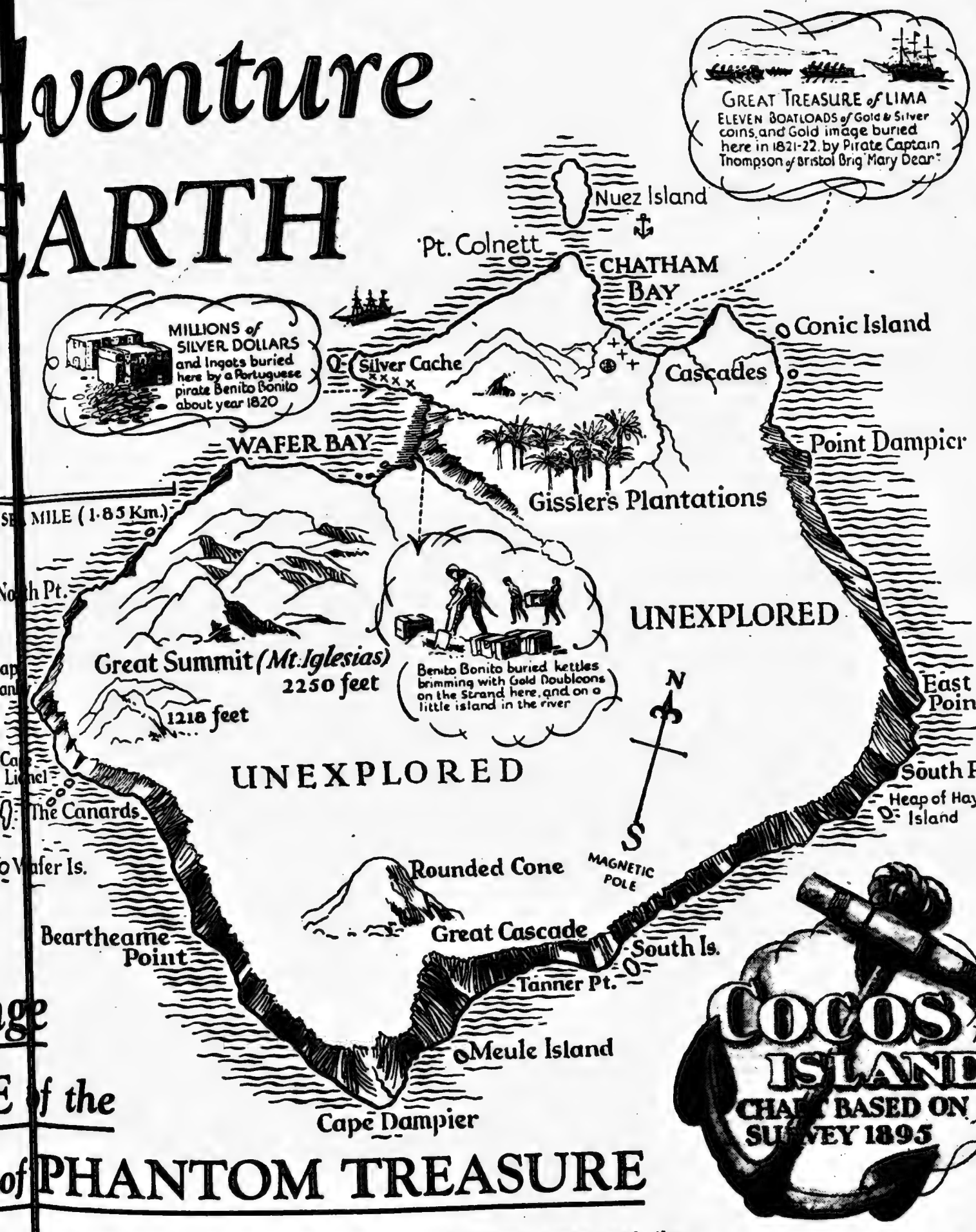
It said that the famous *Devonshire* treasure of £12,000,000, buried by pirates, had been found in the bed of a creek on Cocos Island, that a message received in Vancouver from the expedition led by Colonel Leckie reported that "the metallophone, an electrical device, found the treasure in a part of a stream which had been diverted by a mutinous crew to throw seekers off the scent."

Later, when Vancouver and other Canadian newspapers reported that four Canadian destroyers were standing by at Cocos to take off the treasure, people who complained to the authorities about such action were told: "We could sure do with the gold, but it is a pity that these destroyers are on manœuvres at a place far from Cocos Island."

Poor Colonel Leckie himself put the extinguisher on these moonshine stories which dance round

Strange LURE of ISLE of

ventureEARTH


GREAT TREASURE of LIMA
ELEVEN BOATLOADS of Gold & Silver coins, and Gold image buried here in 1821-22, by Pirate Captain Thompson of Bristol Brig 'Mary Dear'
Nuez Island
Pt. Colnett
CHATHAM BAY
MILLIONS of SILVER DOLLARS and Ingots buried here by a Portuguese pirate Benito Bonito about year 1820
Silver Cache
Conic Island
Cascades
WAFER BAY
Point Dampier
Gissler's Plantations
MILE (1·85 Km.)
UNEXPLORED
Great Summit (Mt. Iglesias) 2250 feet
1218 feet
Benito Bonito buried kettles brimming with Gold Doubloons on the Strand here, and on a little island in the river
East Point
South Pt.
Heap of Hay Island
The Canards
Rounded Cone
MAGNETIC POLE
Great Cascade
South Is.
Beartheame Point
Tanner Pt.
Meule Island
Cape Dampier
COCOS ISLAND
CHART BASED ON SURVEY 1895

of PHANTOM TREASURE

The romantic version of a very unromantic island. Don't let it deceive you into "burying" any of your gold there!

Cocos Island like jack-o'-lanterns round an undrained marsh by wireless to the U.S. naval station at Balbao, in the Panama canal zone, that no treasure had been found.

And nine months later came the inevitable sequel. Colonel Leckie and his five Argonauts returned on a liner from Costa Rica, to tell the newspaper men when he landed at Los Angeles, according to their reports: "No one could ever find anything in such a godforsaken island."

The question is often asked: Who owns, or lays claim to own, this desert island? The answer is, Costa Rica. But Treasure Recovery, Limited, are optimistic enough to believe that because Costa Rica made no claim to the island when appearing before the 1900 Boundary Commission, that she has no suzerainty over it, or has relinquished it. To which one can only comment: Wait and see.

Now let it be said that no one doubts the good faith and intentions of Colonel Leckie and the directors of this latest Treasure Recovery, Limited. But it has been said that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. And it is certainly true that the road to Cocos Island is marked by danger signals to both organisers and investors.

Even if old-time buccaneers did bury treasure there—what then?

If one knew it was true that first the buccaneers and later the pirates visited Cocos to refresh their crews with water and allow them to benefit from the anti-scorbutic properties of the coconuts and fruits on it, one might as well look for a needle in a haystack as to hope to find it after this lapse of centuries.

Cocos Island is rotten with rain, rain, and still more rain. It is the meeting-place of two currents, and the rainfall lasts for about eight months of the year, when the perpetual drip, drip from the thick trees and the dense bush is enough to drive a white man raving mad.

This rain has combined with the rottenness of the rocks to cause a complete change in the landscape of this weird island.

Much costly machinery and a vast labour force would certainly be needed to get out any virgin gold or pirate treasure either, and the cost of transporting the men and machines to shores ringed round with dangerous reefs and with not a single safe anchorage for ships of any draught might easily, with other overhead expenses, absorb a quarter of a million pounds without showing a penny return.

The island is a veritable sink for hard-earned money. In fact, about the sheer human tragedies enacted on this treasure island in recent times a large book could be written.

The story of some of these expeditions might well be used as a warning.

There were many unrecorded attempts to find treasure there before 1880. And since 1892 quite a hundred expeditions from Europe and America have landed on it and cursed the day they ever heard its name.

Its victims have included peers, admirals, commanders of warships, skippers, rogues, women philanthropists, hard-headed business men not quite hard-headed enough to resist its special lure, merchants, scientists, and even young newspaper men who afterwards died in misery and want on the mainland.

Let us look at four other recent expeditions out of that hundred.

In November, 1931, three Americans had their yacht smashed to pieces in Cocos bay, and were marooned for months. Although an American warship was sent specially out from Panama to rescue them, they were only reached with difficulty by the warship's whaleboat over the heavy surf which beats these treacherous shores.

In January, 1932, the sailing ship *Vigilant* left Brixham manned by ex-officers and led by Mr. Stratford Joly—who is associated, as already described, with a new venture—and months later her crew had to be taken off her starving as she was eaten to the keel by teredos (worms).

In October, 1933, an empty boat was found. It was all that was left of a one-man expedition.

The same month a yacht named *Avance* left Pembroke Dock for Cocos with Captain Max Stanton and an ex-public-school crew of twelve. One man was looking at a cleft and thinking it might be a pirate cave when the earth gave way and threw him over two waterfalls, putting his hip out of joint. His sufferings were intense until they got him to the nearest hospital, 800 miles away, by which time most of the party packed up and came home.

Will the lessons of the past deter others who are likely to burn their wings at the Cocos candle? We think not.

Let high-spirited Britons go there if they want the adventure, if they think they can benefit from cruel hardship and adversity, by all means. But as for those who think they will unearth the wealth of a Klondike there, or who see in the various enterprises formed to exploit it an investment for hard-earned savings or small capital—the answer is: Don't!

One thing will do more than anything to protect the credulous.

Why doesn't the First Lord of the Admiralty give an order that the papers in possession of the Admiralty, and relating to the experiences of past generations of treasure seekers on Cocos Island, be published as a command paper which the public could purchase for a small sum?

These papers are not in any sense of the word subject to the provisions of the Official Secrets Act.

And the Admiralty owes it to the taxpayer that it should make known the facts about Cocos Island which are in its possession, and which, at the present moment, are absurdly classed as "First Lord's papers" and treated as confidential files!

The Maddest Adventure on Earth

Cocos Island—the Lagoon at sundown.

WHAT is the peculiar attraction about a desert island rotten with rain, on end with landslides, swarming with virulent ants and mosquitoes, and which year after year draws the money of what counsel described in the law courts some time ago as "the evergreen and gullible British public"?

Years of past and painful experience, amounting in some cases to ruin and heartbreak, make it safe to prophesy that not a penny of the money will ever return to the investor.

Yet for all the hard lessons that history should teach, the British public never fails to respond to the lure of the Cocos Island carrot dangled under the end of the donkey's nose. Year after year for the last fifty years at least new victims have fallen to the lure of this so-called treasure island of the North Pacific.

These reflections are suggested by the newest enterprises in this seemingly endless chain.

One is the effort of a Mr. George Cooknell, who is circularising from an address in Regent Street, London, to get money for an expedition that will carry with it three machine-guns, twelve rifles, twelve automatics, and who optimistically announces that arrangements are being made for the actual treasure to be sold at Christie's.

He announces his preparedness to call on the British Navy for protection for the treasure.

The other is the issue of a prospectus of a recently established concern calling itself Treasury Recovery, Limited, which is "to equip an expedition or expeditions to Cocos Island and elsewhere . . . for treasure, precious stones, gold or precious or useful metals . . . to search and mine for diamonds, sapphires, rubies and other precious stones, pearls, rare metals, minerals or other deposits . . . and to carry on business as mine proprietors and manufacturers of and dealers in boilers, turbines, haulage plant, dynamo motors, electrical plant . . . for recovering treasure, precious stones or metals."

The prospectors would seem to have had no difficulty in finding plenty of fool's gold—the only real treasure that has been found for many a year in connection with Cocos Island.

They have chartered a steam yacht, and before the summer is over propose to make a landfall on Cocos Island. Then, it is said, they will survey 350 acres of dense forest and jungle, and when they find the pirate treasure or virgin gold, will send down their drill for a sample.

Alas! for these hopes, they are the stuff of which lunatic dreams are made, the rainbow without a crock of gold at its vanishing point.

One of the directors of this company, Mr. Stratford Joly, has been telling a leading North of England newspaper that they intend to remain on Cocos Island for two years, and that if they fail they can try other things, such as a sunken galleon laden with vast specie and bullion off the coast of Ecuador.

He doesn't explain how so-called radio metal locators, which they plan to use to detect metal underground, can be employed to locate old treasure wrecks. But perhaps he has not been fully quoted by the newspaper.

A prospectus issued by this company some time ago told members of the public to whom it was sent that Colonel John Edwards Leckie, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., a mining engineer of Vancouver, B.C., will join the expedition at Panama. He has "agreed to give the company the benefit of his ten months' experience at Cocos Island."

Now, that is very interesting for several reasons, one of which is that this gentleman was the organiser and director in the field of a previous treasure-hunting expedition to that fatal island.

Now what were Colonel Leckie's experiences then? It may well be a belated warning to those investors who have once more proved the truth of the smallness of the time-gap between a fool and his money.

Let us tell the whole story of the expedition.

Colonel Leckie and five other members of the special company formed sailed in February, 1932, in the motor yacht "Silent Wave" with the following dazzling and romantic objects in view:—

In the first place, they were out to find and dig up the eleven million dollars worth of gold and specie buried in the island by a Portuguese pilot named Bonito, who is said to have plundered ships and towns along the American seaboards and looted the treasures of Spanish Mexico.

In the second place, they were to dig up twelve million dollars worth of ecclesiastical jewels stolen from a Peruvian ship in 1820 by a Scottish pirate named Thompson.

And as if that fabulous collection was not enough, they were to locate the three hundred thousand avoirdupois pounds weight of silver dollars, 733 bars of gold and seven kegs of gold coin alleged to have been hidden by the stout buccaneer, Captain Davis, round about the year 1686.

Now then, evidence for the existence of these great hoards is traditional rather than documentary. Certainly it would not be accepted by a court of law. If, as has been stated repeatedly, the records at Lima, in Peru, give the records in the case of the piracies of the Scotsman Thompson and details of the punishments, it seems curious that no one has yet, in all the years since Cocos Island became famous, produced either a Spanish transcript from these Lima records or an English translation.

As to the fabulous fortune said to have been buried by Bonito, some confirmation or refutation might be expected from the Vice-Admiralty records at Kingston, Jamaica. Certainly a British sloop, H.M.S. *Espiègle*, rounded up pirates said to be connected with Bonito round about 1820 or 1822, and these pirates were tried and might be expected to have made statements in court. But, unfortunately, the Jamaican records are in a state of great confusion, so great that nothing can be expected from that quarter.

That still leaves No. 3 hoard, left by buccaneer Davis. What of that?

That hoard is mythical without any doubt whatsoever. There is not a shadow of evidence in books or contemporary records that Captain Davis either visited or buried treasure on Cocos. In fact, it is known that he divided his loot with his crew at the isle of Plate, very far south of Cocos Island, and then sailed for home

So much for the objects of Cocos Island Treasure, Limited, the company with which members of Colonel Leckie's 1932 expedition were associated. Yet they had another object in view when they sailed—their main objective, it seems.

They were going to seek, it was stated, the treasure of 60,000,000 dollars hidden on Cocos by a certain Bennett Grahame and sailors of *H.M.S. Devonshire*, who turned pirates!

Now this story is utter moonshine. That warship was not even in commission at the time of the alleged cache-making. It is significant, too, that Treasure Recovery, Limited, who now announce that they have secured Colonel Leckie's services for a new expedition, do not mention this absurd legend in either their booklet or their prospectus.

Presumably, Colonel Leckie and his friends are sadder and wiser men in this connection!

Four months after these Argonauts of 1932 had left to seek this golden fleece of the Cocos ram a sensational report that made many old-timers stare with incredulity appeared in London newspapers.

It said that the famous *Devonshire* treasure of £12,000,000, buried by pirates, had been found in the bed of a creek on Cocos Island, that a message received in Vancouver from the expedition led by Colonel Leckie reported that "the metallophone, an electrical device, found the treasure in a part of a stream which had been diverted by a mutinous crew to throw seekers off the scent."

Later, when Vancouver and other Canadian newspapers reported that four Canadian destroyers were standing by at Cocos to take off the treasure, people who complained to the authorities about such action were told: "We could sure do with the gold, but it is a pity that these destroyers are on manœuvres at a place far from Cocos Island."

Poor Colonel Leckie himself put the extinguisher on these moonshine stories which dance round

Strange LURE of ISLE of

dventure EARTH

...ge E of the of PHANTOM TREASURE

The romantic version of a very unromantic island. Don't let it deceive you into "burying" any of your gold there!

Cocos Island like jack-o'-lanterns round an undrained marsh by wireless to the U.S. naval station at Balbao, in the Panama canal zone, that no treasure had been found.

And nine months later came the inevitable sequel. Colonel Leckie and his five Argonauts returned on a liner from Costa Rica, to tell the newspaper men when he landed at Los Angeles, according to their reports: "No one could ever find anything in such a godforsaken island."

The question is often asked: Who owns, or lays claim to own, this desert island? The answer is, Costa Rica. But Treasure Recovery, Limited, are optimistic enough to believe that because Costa Rica made no claim to the island when appearing before the 1900 Boundary Commission, that she has no suzerainty over it, or has relinquished it. To which one can only comment: Wait and see.

Now let it be said that no one doubts the good faith and intentions of Colonel Leckie and the directors of this latest Treasure Recovery, Limited. But it has been said that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. And it is certainly true that the road to Cocos Island is marked by danger signals to both organisers and investors.

Even if old-time buccaneers did bury treasure there—what then?

If one knew it was true that first the buccaneers and later the pirates visited Cocos to refresh their crews with water and allow them to benefit from the anti-scorbutic properties of the coconuts and fruits on it, one might as well look for a needle in a haystack as to hope to find it after this lapse of centuries.

Cocos Island is rotten with rain, rain, and still more rain. It is the meeting-place of two currents, and the rainfall lasts for about eight months of the year, when the perpetual drip, drip from the thick trees and the dense bush is enough to drive a white man raving mad.

This rain has combined with the rottenness of the rocks to cause a complete change in the landscape of this weird island.

Much costly machinery and a vast labour force would certainly be needed to get out any virgin gold or pirate treasure either, and the cost of transporting the men and machines to shores ringed round with dangerous reefs and with not a single safe anchorage for ships of any draught might easily, with other overhead expenses, absorb a quarter of a million pounds without showing a penny return.

The island is a veritable sink for hard-earned money. In fact, about the sheer human tragedies enacted on this treasure island in recent times a large book could be written.

The story of some of these expeditions might well be used as a warning.

There were many unrecorded attempts to find treasure there before 1880. And since 1892 quite a hundred expeditions from Europe and America have landed on it and cursed the day they ever heard its name.

Its victims have included peers, admirals, commanders of warships, skippers, rogues, women philanthropists, hard-headed business men not quite hard-headed enough to resist its special lure, merchants, scientists, and even young newspaper men who afterwards died in misery and want on the mainland.

Let us look at four other recent expeditions out of that hundred.

In November, 1931, three Americans had their yacht smashed to pieces in Cocos bay, and were marooned for months. Although an American warship was sent specially out from Panama to rescue them, they were only reached with difficulty by the warship's whaleboat over the heavy surf which beats these treacherous shores.

In January, 1932, the sailing ship *Vigilant* left Brixham manned by ex-officers and led by Mr. Stratford Joly—who is associated, as already described, with a new venture—and months later her crew had to be taken off her starving as she was eaten to the keel by teredos (worms).

In October, 1933, an empty boat was found. It was all that was left of a one-man expedition.

The same month a yacht named *Avance* left Pembroke Dock for Cocos with Captain Max Stanton and an ex-public-school crew of twelve. One man was looking at a cleft and thinking it might be a pirate cave when the earth gave way and threw him over two waterfalls, putting his hip out of joint. His sufferings were intense until they got him to the nearest hospital, 800 miles away, by which time most of the party packed up and came home.

Will the lessons of the past deter others who are likely to burn their wings at the Cocos candle? We think not.

Let high-spirited Britons go there if they want the adventure, if they think they can benefit from cruel hardship and adversity, by all means. But as for those who think they will unearth the wealth of a Klondike there, or who see in the various enterprises formed to exploit it an investment for hard-earned savings or small capital—the answer is: Don't!

One thing will do more than anything to protect the credulous.

Why doesn't the First Lord of the Admiralty give an order that the papers in possession of the Admiralty, and relating to the experiences of past generations of treasure seekers on Cocos Island, be published as a command paper which the public could purchase for a small sum?

These papers are not in any sense of the word subject to the provisions of the Official Secrets Act.

And the Admiralty owes it to the taxpayer that it should make known the facts about Cocos Island which are in its possession, and which, at the present moment, are absurdly classed as "First Lord's papers" and treated as confidential files!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Yours when

CONSTIPATION IS DEFEATED

this safe, natural and pleasant way

NO TASTE BUT THE MINT!

Feen-a-mint is pleasant to take, natural in action. It causes no pain, no griping. Children love its cool, mint flavour. Take a packet with you on holiday.

Feen-a-mint

for the whole family

Obtainable at all Chemists, 1/3 a box

Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular 6D. SIZE

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. H.J.), 15 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1

Keep a tin of

BAND-AID

in the house and protect yourself and your family from the dangers of blood poisoning . . .

Apply this surgically clean dressing and plaster to blisters, boils, cuts and scratches.
Safe as a hospital dressing.
Applied in 5 seconds. Ready cut to the size you require. Cannot chafe or press on the wound. Cannot move.

Get a 1/- tin (containing 18 dressings) from your chemist to-day.

FREE FIRST AID BOOKLET

To: Johnson & Johnson (Great Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks. 3/11.8.34

Please send me your first-aid booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

The PRIVATE LIFE of GEORGE LANSBURY—8

Going to See the King

GEORGE LANSBURY has risen in his own way, but has never allowed anything to come between him and the masses to whom he belongs, amongst whom he lives, and who are his inspiration.

Father is to-day, literally as well as spiritually, where he was in the beginning—amongst the people. His rugged figure is never seen at fashionable drawing-room gatherings of clever people among whom epigrams and witty conversation are the order of the day.

He would be like a bear in a china shop. His voice, deep and rough, in which sorrow and sympathy seem to have found an echo, would make smart people uncomfortable and clever people unhappy. I don't think he ever tried to frame an epigram or say a smart thing. Certainly he could not, even if he tried, tell what is erroneously called a "questionable" story. In conversation, as in public speeches, he always says what he wants to say in simple straightforward language.

"Fuss and Bother"

He is not at home at any purely social functions (except local Labour Party or I.L.P. socials and bazaars), and unless he has been asked to appeal for some charity or cause, never attends the many impressive banquets given on great occasions by the Speaker, the Lord Mayor and other public functionaries. One can almost hear him saying, "If they want to make a collection for a hospital why don't they jolly-well (a favourite adjective of his) pass round the hat without all the fuss and bother of a banquet."

He has never been to a Royal Levee, and in this, as a Cabinet Minister, has broken an unwritten law. His attitude is not mere recalcitrancy or boorishness. Quite simply it indicates that in his view such affairs are a waste of time and money.

Father has only seen the King three times. I do not know what impression he made on the King, but I do know that the King made a very good impression on him. As father said to me once, "The King was kindness itself and did most of the talking." I think the talk was about the Haig Statue, and father was very well aware that the official action of his department might not be along the lines that His Majesty desired. So father, like Brer Rabbit, "lay low and said nuffin."

I believe the King was in favour of the statue bearing some sort of resemblance to the subject, a Philistinian predilection not at all in line with the ideas of the ultra-modern school.

When father handed in his seals of office, the Royal attitude was exceedingly proper. It was to the effect that father's position was quite understood, that one would hardly have expected one of father's age to change his opinions, and that his refusal to carry on in the National Government was only to be expected

As for the ceremonial wearing of swords, medals, decorations, knee-breeches and billycock hats, I know that he regards it as so much "tommy-rot"—not to mention the terrific waste (or, perhaps it is better to say, misdirection) of money. Of course, he is right. In twenty-five, or at the outside fifty, years, all this strutting and toy-soldiering will have gone the way of the old stage coach. In days when swords and guns are giving place to poison gas in warfare, it may be the fashion to wear an imitation phial of poison gas or even a fancy-dress gas-mask.

Baggy Trousers

Father regards the Royal Family as victims of all this tomfoolery—kept up to satisfy the innate snobbishness of prominent politicians and successful business men, and to give the newspapers something to talk about. Is there anyone in the wide world (outside of America) who will say a good word for the amazing formality of being presented at Court? Dressmakers, perhaps, and tailors, and, of course, those for whose gratification the King and Queen are put to so much inconvenience.

The state of father's clothes, or the wearing of them, never troubled him the least until he became a Cabinet Minister. Even then it only troubled him a little. His reefer jacket and baggy trousers served for all occasions. I think his continental prototype must have been Monsieur Briand.

Fifty-five years ago he wore a topper and a frock-coat, and was photographed in them. But that was an occasion. He was getting married. His first baby took fright at the sight of him in the shiny topper, whereupon he jumped on it, sat on it, and then tore it in pieces before the baby's eyes—just to show that it couldn't hurt.

The Ring

Smart clothes to him are unreal, like smart talk. If it amuses others to turn words and sentences about so that plain truth may become subtle and clever, well, let them! If it pleases others to wear striking clothes or elegant apparel of any sort, let them do so. For him the purpose of speech is to express thoughts, not to hide them: and the purpose of clothes is to protect the body, not to exhibit it.

He never wears gloves, sock-suspenders, spats, tiepins, or any of the normal impedimenta of the average man. Since mother died he has worn her thick gold wedding ring. Before she died (barely a year ago) he had never worn a ring of any description, and would as soon have thought of wearing a ring through his nose as a ring on his finger.

But I think her ring on his finger somehow keeps him in touch with "Bessie." He talks of her often, always sadly; when she died she left an empty place in his heart, which will remain empty till he follows her How slow to him must seem the passage of time, with its failures, its disappointments, its day-by-day anxieties; and how desolating the occasional doubt and glorious the emotional certainty of reunion again. Firmly, irrationally, if you like, he believes they will meet again.

* * *

His bowler hat is proverbial. He would be almost unrecognisable without it. Even twenty-eight years ago, when I was attending King's College and expected to be reasonably well dressed, I used to wear his second-hand bowlers. They *were* second-hand too; no one ever used bowlers so badly. They served two purposes: first, to cover his head; and second, at open-air meetings for "passing round the hat."

Imagine, then, his position as a Minister of the Crown. To make the necessary visit to the King, a topper and morning coat were said to be essential. Among the trivialities of life, this matter loomed. Obviously, no question of principle was involved. Clothes cannot unmake a man any more than they can make him. But when things happen that make one feel incongruous, something has to be done. So father bought his *second* topper.

There was a touch of comedy about

The "Greatest of These—"

A Sufferer at Peace

DORIS, who is twelve, is the second eldest of five children whose father has just died.

Doris

In every sense of the word a brave war sufferer, he served from 1914 to 1918, when he was discharged. He was wounded at Gallipoli, and, as a result of being severely gassed, suffered for a long period from pulmonary T.B., which caused his death.

His life has been full of bodily pain and mental worry due to poverty. At one time, through bad luck and illness, he had to pawn his boots and clothes and borrow money to escape being sent to Brixton prison for arrears of rates.

He felt keenly being unable to work to help his family, as his disability pension only amounted to £2 a week.

Much of his time was spent in hospital and convalescent homes, and the medical authorities at the hospital where he had been a patient since January, 1932, formed the highest opinion of the manner in which he behaved in the face of his serious, long-drawn-out and extremely painful illness.

Now he is at peace. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." But Doris's mother is left a widow with five children under fourteen years old, and until she receives her widow's pension is practically penniless.

It will be a fine act of gratitude to a man whose death is the outcome of his services for his country if our readers will send help for his widow and young family, the youngest of whom is but five.

"Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe."

All donations, earmarked "Doris," as well as subscriptions for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's issue will be sent on application.

his Son EDGAR

When he wore a shiny "topper"—Cabinet Minister George Lansbury and Mrs. Lansbury set off from Downing Street to see the King.

appearance at MacDonald's first
onal dinner. The invitation had
"Evening dress," and, as he
't got evening dress, he wrote a
to his chief, asking whether it
d matter if he went "as he was."
Donald did not reply personally, but
ructed one of his secretaries to say
it was imperative that father
ld attend in "tails" and full
lia.

Thousand Friends

can quite understand MacDonald
answering personally. He surely
ld have realised the absurdity of
ng a man of seventy what he should
r. But father gave in and ordered
necessary clothes from his tailor.
uriously enough, a higher power was
take the matter in hand. Jimmy
mas called a special Committee
ting on the evening of the dinner.
asted so long that there was no time
go home and change; so father went
ng in his well-worn reefer jacket and
gy trousers. I suppose no one en-
ed their meal any the less because of
shocking appearance.
lthough father has few intimate or
sonal friends, there are tens of thou-
ds who regard themselves as his
ends, without being personal or in-
ate. He himself thinks of them as
friends, although he may never see
em more than once in a year.
They are mostly workers in the
bour movement, or members of sym-
thetic organisations, and the friend-
p arises out of strenuous work for
mmon ideals. They may be humble
mbers of the Party or well-to-do sup-
rters; they may be navvies or em-
yers of labour, churchwardens or
shops, villagers or slum-dwellers;
herever they live and whatever their
lling, they think of him as "George,"
old George," or "good old George."

On election days, whether we are successful or not, they form up after the count and escort him to his home. Talking to them from an upper bedroom window, he makes them feel an almost physical bond along which currents of understanding and loyalty flow. These are his intimate moments; if he cannot reveal his inmost soul to a friend, he can reveal it to his friends.

And while he talks to them in the simple language which they understand so well, mother stands behind him in the low-ceilinged bedroom, anxious and worried because of the hoarseness of his voice, his clothes damp with perspiration, and the dangerously cold night air. Or, at least, she used to do so before she died.

He always spoke of her part in his life and work; a part which kept her behind the curtains, occasionally looking through or between them, but always out of sight. The people used to love her to show herself, though they knew she would be tongue-tied; and they would give her the greatest cheer of all. She was simple like them, and, like them, humble. They knew themselves what it was like to be behind the curtain.

He Went Home

The fire of his spirit would be reflected from the shining eyes and eager faces of his friends, who at last, with many a final "Good-night, George," would turn their steps homewards with more courage and greater faith for the morrow.

Among the orthodox leaders of the Party he moves without assurance and with many misgivings. As he puts it himself, he was never "on visiting terms" with them. In the Cabinet he was on terms of friendship with all his colleagues, but would hardly number one as a personal friend. The nature of his political work, his character, and his earlier experience of life were all against the formation of close personal ties.

As a young man he was too serious-minded to make friends among his fellow-workmen; although, on occasion, he could be hearty and boisterous, there was no convivial side to him. After work, he bolted off to his meetings or to his home. When it was home, he wanted to rest in the atmosphere of wife and family.

Later on, during long years of ceaseless propaganda in every part of the country, he would finish his speech, and, instead of putting up for the night at the local hotel or with a local supporter, would dash for the last train and make for home.

For him there was "no place like home." It was the only place where he was at home. It was not unusual for him to arrive at Euston or King's Cross at three or four o'clock in the morning and walk home to Bow, where "Bessie" would be up and waiting for him with the inevitable pot of tea on the hob, and perhaps his Sunday dinner on a plate over a steaming saucepan.

Occasionally, but rarely, he would drive in a hansom-cab, but only because the driver had seen and recognised him, and brought him down free or for a greatly reduced fare. He seldom or never took mother out to dinner at restaurants; and when he talked things over with his political friends or opponents, the talks would take place in his office, and not over lunch, breakfast or dinner.

"Dining out" is an outlandish custom which he doesn't in the least understand.

Adam's Ale

At home he eats "what is put in front of him"; if he has to lunch or dine anywhere else, he chooses only the most simple dish.

And as for drinking, he will call to the waiter: "Brother, bring me a jug of Adam's ale." In the buffets of the House of Commons his favourite morceau is a cold custard in a small pot, which costs 2d. or 3d.

He lives simply and with no ostentation whatever.

His food is of the plainest, his clothes everybody's concern but his own, and certainly a disgrace to such a smartly dressed assembly as the House of Commons.

His means of travel are the bus, the tube, a third-class railway compartment or a lift in someone else's car. If he dined at the Ritz, wintered at Cannes, and travelled by Rolls-Royce, he might have some difficulty in maintaining (he would not want to maintain) that what was good enough for him was good enough for the poor, or that what wasn't good enough for him wasn't good enough for the poor.

NEXT WEEK:

Little George's Boat

"There we are, Mum—all the things finished up and it's not yet tea-time. That's Robin for you."

ROBIN *Starch*

for that expert finish

The perfect summer meal

Serve Libby's Beef in slices with salad for midday or evening meals in summer. It provides a satisfying dish without any trouble for cooking. Libby's Beef is tender and appetising and makes a wonderfully inexpensive meal; makes delicious sandwiches too.

Libby's

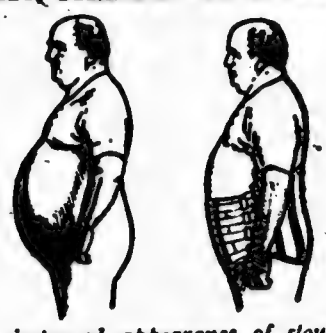
COOKED CORNED BEEF

All good grocers sell it

LCB 41-100

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetière.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1 Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 402 N
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

4 REASONS WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 'New Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 'New Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 'New Veet' is just like a face cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 'New Veet' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker.

At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6.

LET DOWN by the *False Friend*

The man with two faces—and his duplicity is all the more despicable because he deceives his friend

IT was Young, the famous author of "Night Thoughts," who said that "to have a friend is to drink of the wine of life." But how quickly that wine turns to gall when falsity is discovered where we expected to find friendship!

I can understand, therefore, how bitter must be the feelings of one of my correspondents. He is seventy-two years old, and with his wife, who is two years younger, he lives in a small town in the Midlands.

"Five years ago," this man tells me, "a young fellow opened a grocer's shop here, and as he seemed a decent sort we thought we would encourage him by buying our few things from him. About a year ago he started calling to see us, and he never came without bringing some little gift for the wife—a packet of biscuits, a table jelly, and so on. We, on our part, invited him to come for supper on a Sunday night until it became a regular habit.

"About six months ago, when this young man called, he was in a dreadful state, and said that he did not know whatever he was going to do as his landlord had decided to sell the shop. He said that if he could only find £220 he would be able to buy it himself by borrowing the rest from a building society. That night I talked it over with the wife and we decided to offer £170, which was all our savings.

"He accepted it gratefully, and arranged to pay it back with interest at the rate of a pound a week. A fortnight ago my wife returned from shopping looking as white as death, and trembling all over. She had found the grocer's shop closed with a bill outside saying it was for sale. I went round at once to the house where the young man lodged, but they said he had gone away the previous Saturday, taking his things with him, and had not left any address behind.

"We do not know what to do and in our trouble we are writing to ask your advice and help. It is dreadfully hard to have struggled all our lives to try to put by a little and then to be treated in this way. It it were not for the pension we should be completely destitute."

☆ ☆ ☆

It is indeed "dreadfully hard" that two old people should be treated in such a way and a cruel return for a splendid act of kindness and generosity. Now what steps should be taken to deal with a case of this kind? That depends upon the answer to a number of questions.

My correspondent and his wife have known this young man for five years, and rather intimately for the last year. During that time they must have formed some definite opinion of his character. It is six months since he borrowed this money. Has he paid back his weekly instalments regularly? Is it known if he has borrowed money from other sources. And what is his general reputation?

These things will determine whether he is a real "bad lot" or whether some other reason must be found to account for his sudden disappearance. If there is no excuse for his conduct, two steps can be taken. That young man borrowed the money for a specific purpose—namely, to buy his shop. If he has not done so, he can be charged with obtaining funds by false pretences and the police should be informed.

Secondly, if he has left behind any goods in his shop, or there are other assets, it would be a wise course to make him a bankrupt. To do this a solicitor should be consulted, so that proof of the debt of £170 would be established and my correspondent would then obtain his share of the proceeds of the sale.

Those are the only practical courses open, but I would like to feel that this young man, wherever he is, might read these words and resolve to make the debt he owes those two old folk his first consideration. I only hope it may be so.

☆ ☆ ☆

My second letter also shows how the best of friends can part. This correspondent says:—

"I am a married man with a good wife and four children. About six years ago my wife was in hospital undergoing an operation, and whilst there she formed a friendship with a girl in the next bed.

"This girl was in service as a cook about two miles away from here, and after she got better she used to visit us on her day out and at holiday times. Once, when she was out of a situation, she stayed with us for several weeks without paying a penny. We did not really expect anything because by that time she had become a friend of the family.

"About three years ago she went as housekeeper to an old gentleman and eventually she married him. My wife and I were rather pleased to hear she had so nicely settled down. After they had been married six months the old gentleman died and he left his wife about twelve thousand pounds. Since that time her attitude has completely changed. Her visits started to drop off, and now it is about six months since we heard from her or saw anything of her.

"My wife is very worried about it, and is really making herself ill wondering why this friend does not seem to want us any more.

"I read your article every week, and you always seem to find the right way out of these difficulties. What do you suggest? My wife does not want her for her money, but she feels she would like her to come and visit us again as she used to do."

* * *

There seems to be only one possible explanation of this conduct. The legacy left to that woman has undoubtedly turned her head. After all the kindness shown to her in her lean times, I can understand how my correspondent and his wife must feel. But, alas! gratitude is the last thing to be expected from some folk. When times are bad they will readily sponge on those who are sympathetic, and when their circumstances change they conveniently forget that fact. This woman has left her friends alone for six months. It strongly suggests that she is one of that type.

PHILIP INMAN

conducts this page. Send your problems to him, "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted in

Human Documents

My correspondent says his wife is making herself ill by worrying about the matter. I advise him, therefore, to write to this woman, and ask her what has led to her silence. It would be well to register the letter so that there can be no doubt about her receiving it.

If that brings no reply, then I am afraid there is only one thing to do—that is, to forget her as soon as possible.

I only hope, however, that the receipt of this letter will recall to that woman's mind the kindnesses that have been shown to her in the past and that whatever decent feelings she possesses may once more reveal themselves.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It is not easy for a young man to succeed these days." That is how my next correspondent begins his letter. And he proceeds to tell me his history.

"I was born," he says, "in a Durham miner's cottage, the youngest of five children. When I was twelve I went from the elementary school to the Grammar School. At sixteen I matriculated and at seventeen I obtained a scholarship which enabled me to go to Cambridge for three years. There I studied chemistry, and now at twenty-four I have quite a decent position in a large firm.

"I own frankly that my success has been due to the sacrifice of my parents as well as my own hard work.

"But this is where I feel my position keenly: From time to time I go home; in fact, I have recently spent a week of my holidays there. Just before I left, one of my brothers told me that it would be better from everybody's standpoint if I were to keep away in future. And when I asked the reason he said that all my old friends had no time for me, and that I was suffering from a badly swollen head and had developed into a first-class snob.

"This has hurt me terribly because I know how easy it is to be spoiled by success, and I have done my utmost to avoid this pitfall. But everything in my home town, including my own parents, seems different. I wonder if it is my fault?"

☆ ☆ ☆

I have no doubt what has happened in this case. This young man has made rapid strides in life whilst many of those at home have stood still. With his increased knowledge and wider experience he has out-distanced his old friends and now finds nothing in common with them. Nor, in fact, have they anything in common with him. But that does not mean my correspondent is a snob or has a "badly swollen head"! Far from it.

From what he tells me I think the very reverse in the case. He acknowledges frankly the debt he owes to his parents and instead of ignoring them he has just spent part of his holiday at home. I don't like to suggest that this particular brother is jealous of his success, but that is a possible explanation.

By his actions in the future he can show how utterly wrong is the interpretation of his character. Kindness and consideration for his parents, who have done so much for him, will help to keep his name fragrant in their memory.

The SHIP *that* WON'T GIVE IN

MENTION the name *Mauretania* to a sailor. Then wait for the flood of poetry that follows.

Nothing but a ship—usually his own ship—makes a blunt sailor speak that way. And nothing but the *Mauretania*, the Queen of the Seven Seas, will produce that effect on sailors of every nation.

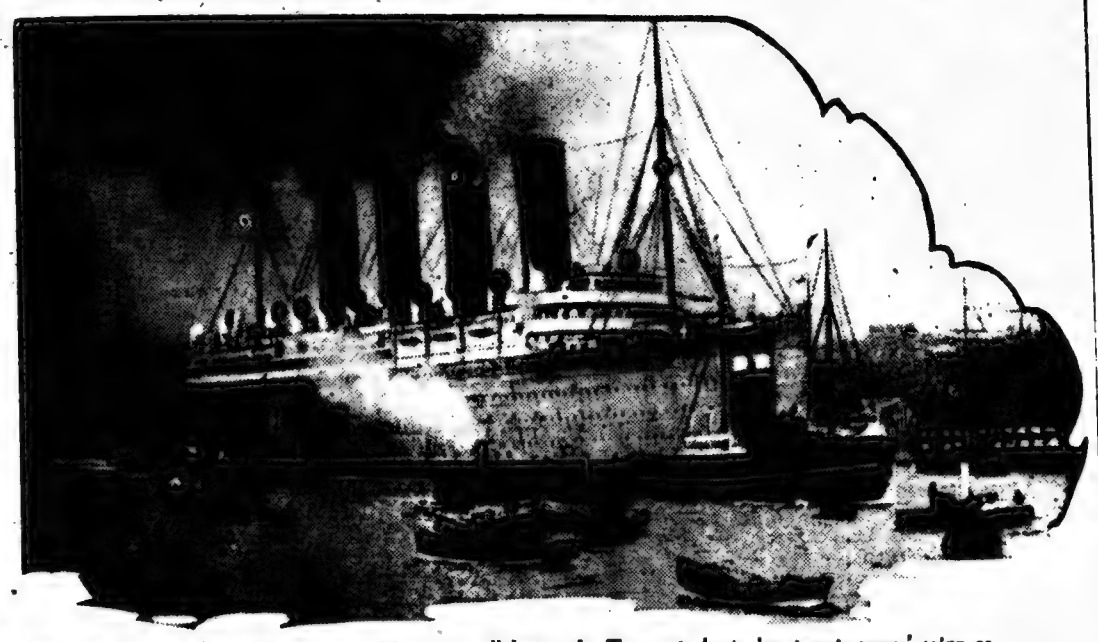
No wonder the news that she is to be broken up at the end of this year—not because she has outlived her usefulness, but because too many liners are competing for the limited passenger trade—is producing such a demand for mementoes that she could be sold piecemeal—some parts of her a hundred times over!

If you want to understand the magic of the word *Maurie*, which is her nickname the whole world over, stand on dockside, New York, or in Southampton's High Street, whenever the funnels of the old lady loom high.

In New York, where the ultra-smart and exclusive Seawanhaka Yacht Club lists her as Yacht of Yachts, where the most important women's social club treats her label on a bag as a mark of social distinction, and where postcards are sold of the beauteous feather she makes when she cuts water—a feather no other ship has ever achieved—there is a fan-worship and lionising no film beauty could ever command.

In Southampton there is added to that the comfortable feeling that some great British institution is back home.

And in Liverpool—where she really belongs, although a generation has passed since she said goodbye to the town and all but broke its maritime heart—the love that Man has always had for a wonderful engineering creation, whether locomotive or ship, reaches supreme heights.



In 1907—"Mauretania" leaves the Tyne—to begin her twenty years' reign as Queen of the Atlantic

Three million miles

It sounds almost silly, this exuberance for over 39,000 tons of metal. Yet one pities the person who thinks it so.

For the *Mauretania* is the ship that won't give in. Therein lies her immense appeal.

She has sailed three million miles under highly competitive conditions—a figure that has never been remotely approached since man first crossed water.

She might have gone out of the Atlantic express service when she reached her twenty-first birthday. The Board of Trade, knowing that Atlantic waters are the most battering in the world, submits all the greyhounds of that ocean to a searching test when they come-of-age, a test which not all of them survive.

Yet at twenty-seven she was given an A1 ticket to last until 1938, when she would have reached the age of thirty-one, and only hard economics have at last driven her out of service.

She remained undisputed speed champion of the world for twenty-one years, in an age of big, fast ships when it is none too easy to keep such a record for twenty-one weeks.

If you had been in New York Harbour on a day in January of last year, when the old lady had passed her twenty-sixth birthday, you would have realised how she has endeared herself to seafaring men with her won't-give-in spirit.

Royal reception

Flags were flying over the whole of New York's skyline. Every ship in dock or plying the Hudson was dressed in honour of something or someone. A brass band was waiting on the quayside to strike up at a given moment, and steam was in readiness to blow notes of welcome on every syren available.

At a given moment the band and the syrens and a multitude of human voices joined in a chorus that not even the angry surge of a storm-tossed Hudson River could drown.

And the signal was the *Mauretania*, looming out of the mist with her famous feather of water, mark of the yacht, at the point where she cut water.

She was one hour before her time. Yet she had come through one of the worst storms of living memory.

The story most often told about the *Mauretania* in all the ports of the world is that she is an accident—that nobody in the world can explain her marvellous performances, and that if she were copied in every detail one couldn't get the same results.

There is a basis of truth behind that story. It is a fact that the old lady was designed, way back in 1905, to maintain a sea speed of twenty-four and a half knots, and that in her tests, following her launching in 1907, all the experts were dumbfounded by her performance. A mere twenty-four and a half knots, indeed. She put up her world's record in 1918, when on war service in the Mediterranean, to a steady thirty-three and a half knots for hour after hour. The present holder of the Atlantic record averaged 29.92 knots for the crossing.

The German ships wrested the record from her when she was twenty-two years old, and in her efforts to win back her laurels she often steamed at more than thirty knots.

But speed alone does not make a ship a *Mauretania*. There is her trustworthiness Never, apart from her war experiences as an armed cruiser, has she ever risked her company or passengers.

Friday the 13th

People have never been superstitious about the *Mauretania*—except once. That was when, with Charles Chaplin at the head of her passenger list, she was due to leave on Friday, the 13th.

Bowing to the views of the passengers, the captain delayed sailing until after midnight on the Saturday, and the *Mauretania*—arrived to time.

She must have had a chequered career in so long a life, of course, but not as chequered as it would have been if she had been a less reliable ship.

The worst shaking-up she ever got was not from the sea, but from over-thirsty American passengers who, resenting the closing of her bars before Prohibition-America was reached, were so determined to get more drink, threatening to smash up the bars if necessary, that a guard had to be posted at each bar.

Three times she has been in danger, and each time she has come through if not unscathed at least the same old *Mauretania* with the same old unquenchable spirit.

Once was when she was moored in the Mersey, at the outbreak of war. A hubbub of syrens told the big ships and small crowded about her that her 40,000 tons of steel had become a drifting mass, which the sea was carrying wherever she wished.

There wasn't an ounce of steam to save her. Slowly she gathered speed under the joint efforts of wind and current. The moment was a perilous one for her and every other ship in her vicinity.

Then there was a deafening crash. Her nose tore deep into a sand-bank, lifting her huge now-idle propellers clean out of the water. And in that position she stuck, to be pulled off a few hours later.

She was next in peril as part of her war service—a service which included bringing scores of thousands of American troops to France and plying between the Mediterranean and England with British wounded

Torpedo attack

She was carrying troops at the time, just off Mudros. A German submarine suddenly appeared and fired three torpedoes, each dashing in a straight line towards her at more than thirty knots. Her wonderful manœuvrability saved her on that occasion.

A lightning spurt to get ahead of the first torpedo and it became a gamble whether or not it would just catch or miss her stern. The watchers on deck felt their hearts sink within them as they saw she wouldn't clear it.

But they waited in vain for the explosion they expected. For the torpedo passed harmlessly under the shallow part of the stern.

With a neat turn she dodged the second torpedo, which missed her by feet. With another she dodged the third, which missed by scores of yards. And then the submarine sped away from a *Mauretania* that was all too willing to fight.

On a third occasion—due, it is believed, to a carelessly dropped match—fire swept through some of the finest state-rooms. But an enterprising chief electrician, Mr. Hubbard, who incidentally has just retired after sailing on her from her first trip, saved her by forcing water through her ventilating system to different parts of the vessel.

A beautiful ship, the *Mauretania*. There's not a straight line on her, not a flat plate. Every line is curved to give her the least possible resistance to water.

A has-been? Not on your life.

"The shippiest ship afloat," said the skipper of an American liner of her less than a year ago.

The old lady of the Atlantic doesn't want higher praise than that.

In this vital matter of health and beauty insist on Wright's, the *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal of Merit (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. The new, larger 6d tablet also comes in boxes of three at 1/6. Look for the maroon-and-yellow pack and the name

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

If YOU LOOK

—PASTY
—ANÆMIC
—DULL-EYED
—WEARY and OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME

The only way to keep Healthy and Youthful, with Clear Skin, Bright Eyes and Rosy Cheeks is to keep clean internally by taking Beecham's Pills. For three generations this famous vegetable laxative has been renowned as the world's most successful remedy for CONSTIPATION. Purely vegetable in origin, safe and certain in action. Make up your mind NOW to be well—take Beecham's Pills to-night.

Take Beecham's PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

FREE
Real Silk HANKY PUFF

AMAZING OFFER
For Few Days Only

A new idea enables any woman to powder once in the morning and to have a fresh, lovely complexion all day. Even the greasiest skin remains free from shine whatever you are doing.

The secret is a new process, patented by Tokalon, by which 'Mousse of Cream' is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. This makes Poudre Tokalon stay on in spite of wind and rain, and even all through a long evening's dancing in a hot room. That is why Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry. Poudre Tokalon will give you a girlish beauty that will be the admiration and envy of all your friends.

For a few days only, a real silk Hanky Puff (choice of dainty pastel shades) will be given free with each purchase of a 1/- box of Poudre Tokalon.

GET YOURS TODAY
Before they are all gone

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed in the morning ready for anything

If you feel sour and weary and the world looks dreary, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives and expect them to make you feel fresh and buoyant and full of sunshine.

They can't do it They only move the bowels and that doesn't get at the cause — your liver. Your liver's chief job is to send two pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Your stomach is filled with gas. You have a thick, bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is foul and skin blemishes often break out. You get headaches and feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure acting, CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing for making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous, sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

Canadian girl athletes practising for the Empire games.

WOMEN who Play the Game

THERE is no greater epic of individual endeavour in the annals of sport than that which lies behind the Women's World Games, now being held at the White City.

A few years ago organised women's athletics were unknown. Now there is a world-wide movement, which has brought women and girls to London from all corners of the earth to compete for the highest honours in women's athletics at this great international contest.

The growth of Women's World Games is the story of a gallant struggle by enthusiastic girls and women in all parts of the world against discouraging criticism, prejudices, lack of public support, and financial difficulties.

Most of the girls who are competing in these games are making big personal sacrifices to do so. The South Africans, for instance, are forgoing three months' salary. They are nearly all typists earning their own living, and the loss of one quarter of a year's salary makes a big hole in their yearly budget.

During the time they are away from home they are allowed 3s. a day pocket-money, but most of them find this sum quite inadequate to cover 'bus fares to and from the track for training and all the other little expenses incidental to such a long trip.

They're working girls

Only one girl in the team is on full salary. One was given a cheque by her firm when she left for England. The rest must find for themselves any extra money they need.

The English girls are also working girls—typists, clerks, Civil Servants, factory girls. Most of them have arranged for their summer holidays to coincide with the Games so that they can compete. One or two have been given time off by their firms, and a few are taking the time off and losing their pay.

They are lucky, this time, because the Games are being held in England. The three previous World Games, which took place in 1922, 1926 and 1930, were all held abroad, and although the competitors' "expenses" were paid, they found they needed a minimum of £10 extra to get along on comfortably.

That women's athletics have flourished in spite of every drawback is all the more amazing in an age when most international sports have a decided touch of "big business" about them, when women golf and tennis "stars" get as much publicity as film stars.

England has been able to stage the World Games this year only because of the determined and untiring efforts of our girl athletes themselves in raising the money to finance the contests.

For four years they have been "saving up." There are 160 women's athletic clubs in England, and each one has done its bit. The sums contributed are in most cases surprisingly small. Manchester made the largest contribution with £15. One club sent 5s.

Power of the raffle

Even such modest contributions have been raised with great difficulty. Sometimes members of a club have raffled a box of chocolates or a basket of fruit and raised a few shillings for the fund. Sometimes a little sweepstake has been organised among themselves on one of the big race meetings like the Derby or the Grand National.

Whist drives and dances have been responsible for more substantial contributions. In many instances our most famous women athletes, Mrs. Cornell, who is the secretary of the Women's Amateur Athletic Association, among them, have given back prizes won at various meetings to be raffled for the fund.

To "dress" the English team of twenty-three competitors—that is, to provide them each with a white blazer, white silk running top and black silk knickers, and a red track suit, as well as to provide the seventy officials at the White City with badges—has cost £100.

A special appeal had to be made to all the clubs to raise this sum, and it took six months of hard work to collect it.

The same thing happened with the money which has been set aside to entertain the visiting teams (comprising 200 women in all) while they are in London. A tour of London, a trip to Windsor, and a banquet have been arranged.

In France the plight of the women athletes is even worse. The expenses of sending a team from France to England, owing to the advantage of the money exchange rates, must be less than for most of the other nineteen countries competing.

But for a long time it was thought the French girls would not be able to find the money to come. It was only after representations had been made to the French Government, pointing out how bad it was for France not to be represented at such an international meeting, that finally the Government agreed to finance the team.

Japanese are lucky

Three girls have come from Rhodesia. Two of them are schoolgirls, and the third, Miss Bragg, is a typist. She has trained as a runner ever since she was a child, but after she left Bulawayo two years ago and went to live at Umtali she had been unable to train because there is no track.

"You cannot train without a proper track," she says, "and I have done my first real training for two years since I arrived in England. It is dangerous to run or jump on hard ground, so I never get any training at home."

The Rhodesians, too, had to raise funds for the trip under difficulties. Miss Bragg's mother gave bridge parties at which she raised under £10, and augmented the funds by raffling a number of live ducks.

In Japan athletics for women get rather more support from the public because they are regarded as an important part of education. To bring the Japanese team of nine to England has cost £3,000. All except three are schoolgirls, and those three are teachers.

Japanese schoolchildren themselves played a big part in raising funds so that their country would be represented at the World Games. The team has even brought a trainer with them.

The men help

The English girls have no such official trainer—they must rely on the good offices of some athlete who is kind enough to give them a little advice occasionally.

The girls from South Africa and Rhodesia are in the same position. The men in the respective teams, who are in England for the Empire Games, give them the only coaching they get.

SIDE-SLIPS

2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

THE EVENING CITIZEN:—"He can bowl for longish spells with a GREAT loss of pace."

WINSFORD AND MIDDLEWICH CHRONICLE:—"It might have to be ascertained whether the actual milk delivered by the vendor was actually sent to London by rail, and, if so, what was the actual cost of its MARRIAGE."

THE "BULLETIN," GLASGOW:—"Despite the flames which barred his way, he pluckily entered the house and rescued the BEDROOM DOOR."

GLASGOW DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"Let them pledge to frown on any discussion of the next WEAR'—those awful words so lightly used and so full of terrible meaning."

LEIGH, TYLDESLEY AND ATHERTON JOURNAL AND DISTRICT NEWS:—"Rain hung in the HAIR at the commencement of the annual procession."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"The broadcast ended, and I dashed down STAIRS IN THE TAXI."

EDINBURGH EVENING DESPATCH:—"At first it was thought she was only DISTORTING herself in the water."

CUMBERLAND EVENING NEWS:—"UNFORTUNATELY he was lying clear of the wheels."

THE ROYAL CORNWALL GAZETTE AND NEWS:—"Mr. —— thought that many PANTS were unused because they were constructed in places far out in the country . . ."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Until such time when they may be able to collect other money to provide for the mechanical BOWLING of the church organ."

PONTEFRACT AND CASTLEFORD EXPRESS:—"The Council WAS SPILT on Wednesday."

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—

Colgate's removes all seven.

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you, yourself, ever knowing it.

Don't resign yourself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. Fate does not dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers *do*! Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them all *off*-completely-with Colgate's. Know why? Because Colgate's has the TWO cleansing actions necessary and most other toothpastes have only one action–do only half the job of removing the stains.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, two things happen. First, an *emulsive* action loosens and washes away most of the stains. Second, a gentle *polishing* action safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

Isn't it worth a shilling to find out how really lovely your teeth can be?

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH.

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

"D'you believe in luck Sam?"

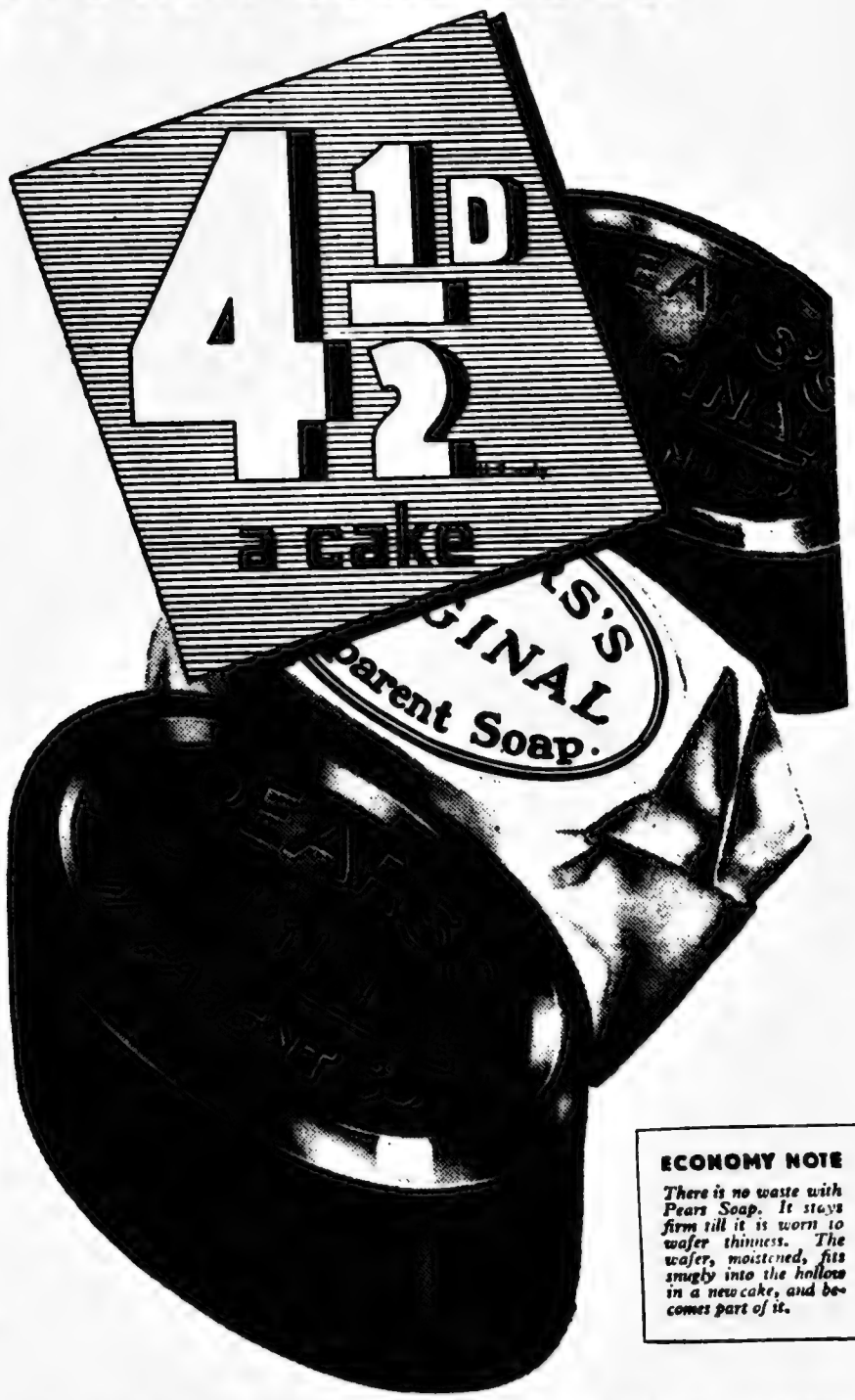
"With salmon like this for my tea–I sure do!"

Lucky for you that Cap'n West started to can his prime salmon! It's so full of flavour and nourishment. And it's *red* salmon. To be sure of getting the best part of the best red salmon ask always for

JOHN WEST'S
MIDDLE CUT SALMON

INSIST ON THE BEST—AND BUY JOHN WEST

A RICHER LATHER... A DEEPER FRAGRANCE ...now reduced to



ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

Pears Original Transparent is now reduced from 6d. to 4½d. a cake. The same large, long-lasting cake, but its lather is richer and smoother. Its delightful fragrance — the natural aroma of the ingredients — is deeper. But the well-known tonic action on the skin, which has won the praise of generations of beautiful English women, is still the same. Buy a cake of Pears today.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

TP/122/364

Trust Pears to know what gives a good shave

Pears *Jif*

FOR SHAVING Stick or Cream

Cream also in 1/- size

6D

J.W. 788-440 PELLING STANLEY & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON

THROBBING
BURN
FOR 7 WEEKS

For nearly two long months . . . the searing PAIN of his dreadful Burn made life a torment. He experimented with remedies and treatments . . . the only result was a waste of time, a waste of money and the prolonging of his agony. Then, at last, a friend persuaded him to try magic GERMOLENE OINTMENT.

RELIEF IN TWO DAYS!

Within 2 DAYS, GERMOLENE OINTMENT had soothed away pain . . . had begun speedy, permanent healing. Read Mr. Winpenny's letter:

"For seven weeks I have had a very bad burn on my right hand. Treatment did very little good until a friend of mine persuaded me to use Germolene, and after the first two days an improvement was noticed. I have used altogether two tins, and my hand is now practically better. It has healed without even a scar!"—H. WINPENNY, 4, Stanningley Rd., Arnley, Leeds.

What is YOUR Skin Trouble?
— Crippling, agonising BAD LEG?
— Awful, deep-rooted ULCERS?
— Itching, unsightly RASH?
— Ugly, irritating ECZEMA?
— Horrible running SORES?

If you suffer from one of these, or ANY Skin Complaint, then don't delay. Get

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-

Note how it SOOTHES—at the first cool touch. See how it HEALS—with incredible speed! Get your tin to-day.

Just
IS A SEAHORSE FULL OF WOA ?
we don't know but
WE DO KNOW THAT
Sharps the word AND Sharps the Toffee
WE LIKE BEST OF ALL
E. SHARP & SONS LTD MAIDSTONE.

SECTO
KILLS
ALL INSECTS
FROM CHEMISTS-4 6 1-

The Great AUGUST Problem—

EVERY year the weather is becoming a more and more vital matter to the civilised world. The foreknowledge of what the weather is likely to be is often a matter of fortune or ruin, even life or death, to countless numbers of people.

To the seaside resorts it is the great August problem, for to them the question of "What will the weather be during the busiest holiday month?" is more important than any other. The answer will mean plenty or poverty for them for months to come.

Every one of the one and a quarter million men and women employed in agriculture and fishing is largely dependent on the weather, and the difference between a good year and a bad one in the wheat crop alone may vary by as much as £18,000,000 in 1924 and £31,000,000 in 1920.

Imagine what might be saved in shipping losses if the weather could be accurately predicted even a few weeks ahead. Each year the total losses of the world's mercantile marine are between 400 and 500 vessels, or about half a million gross tons, and nearly all of these are due to bad weather. In 1931 Great Britain alone lost 125 vessels.

Owing to unexpected storms and fogs at sea the summer before last, 8,000 racing pigeons, each worth about £1, were lost by British fanciers in about three weeks. In a single race 1,800 out of 2,000 birds failed to return home.

Yet the National Homing Union actually pays the Air Ministry £300 a year for its weather forecasts as an insurance against mishaps of this kind.

To provide these forecasts the Air Ministry has an elaborate network of meteorological observatories all over the Northern Hemisphere. Anybody can ring up headquarters at Adastral House and have a private forecast of the weather in any part of Europe for half a crown.

Weather forecasting up to about twenty-four hours ahead is now a highly developed science, but when it comes to predicting the weather some months or even weeks ahead the story is quite a different one.

Civilisation has reached a stage where really reliable long-distance weather forecasting would be worth literally millions of pounds a year.

☆ ★ ☆

So it is not surprising that we are now spending some £50,000 a year in trying to discover why some summers are wet and some are fine: how cycles of good and bad weather originate, and whereabouts in the world storms and depressions begin.

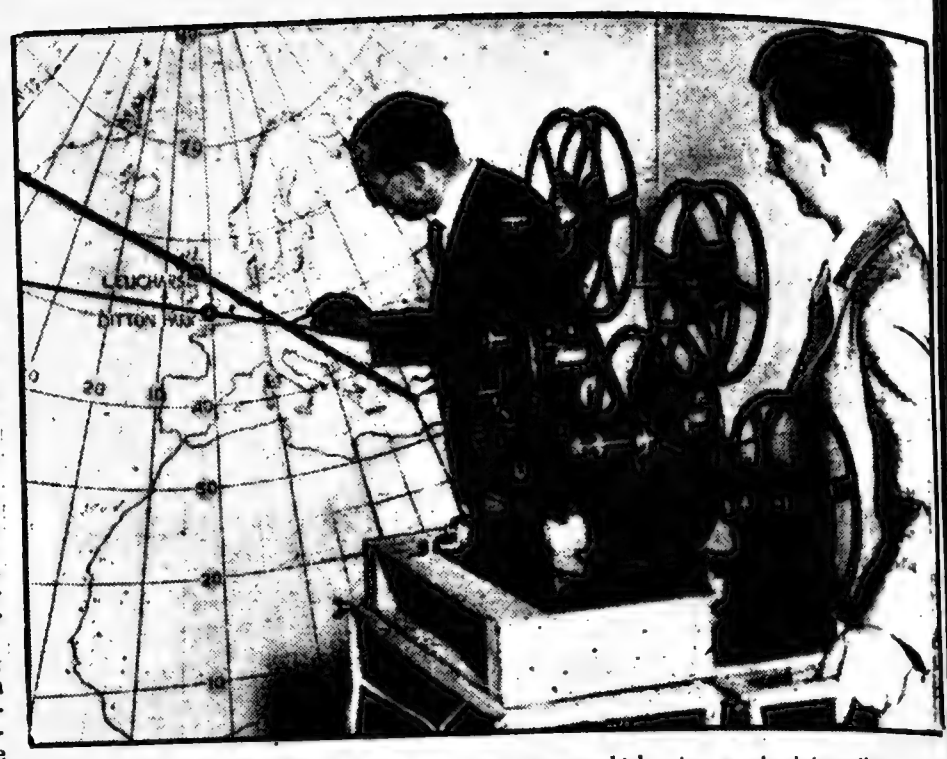
Recently a British meteorological expedition spent a year's exile in the ice-bound circle around the North Pole in search of weather secrets.

Professor Appleton has been out with a wireless expedition at Trömso, in the extreme north, trying to discover facts about the Aurora Borealis and its bearing on weather.

Also the British Government has given £10,000 to the International Polar Year Expedition stationed at Fort Rae, which is one of the coldest spots on earth.

It is now known that many of the depressions which cause bad weather begin their existence at the Poles. So the experts at Fort Rae chart the variations in temperature at different times of the year, and they send up captive balloons to register the air pressure as high as ten miles above the icy Polar regions. In this way they hope to find out just how cold winds and depressions originate.

Not all observations of this sort are made on the spot. Ingenious modern instruments of great delicacy make it possible to register weather conditions at enormous distances away.



AT the Radio Research Station—instruments which give precise information as to the weather conditions the world over

WHAT WILL the Weather BE?

At the Radio Research Station at Slough, for instance, thunderstorms can be detected thousands of miles away. The storm opens the shutter of a camera, draws a picture of itself, closes the camera and turns the film ready for the next storm when it comes along.

When the apparatus registers atmospherics caused by a thunderstorm, a "pencil" of electrons moves on a sensitive screen, making a luminous mark of the storm's direction according to the points of the compass.

With instruments like this, one can map the weather of a large part of the world at any given moment and study it as a whole. And the result of this has been a series of discoveries which show that the weather in one country depends upon meteorological conditions in some other part of the globe, perhaps thousands of miles away.

The deeper meteorologists delve into the mysteries of long-range weather forecasting, the more puzzling they find it. Each set of weather conditions seems to depend upon a whole series of other events which happened beforehand, and in retracing the chain of events the weather experts find themselves covering half the surface of the globe.

☆ ★ ☆

The rainfall during the Indian monsoons seems to depend upon weather conditions in South America, and the weather in Europe is now known to be influenced by the formation of ice in Barents Sea.

There seems to be no end to the complexity of it, and it is quite certain that we are a very long way off finding a complete solution of it.

The only real progress that has been made so far is in the study of weather cycles. Interesting weather secrets have been discovered by cutting down trees of great age and examining the yearly circles of growth with a microscope. By doing this it is possible to see which seasons in the past have been hot or cold, dry or wet.

Through studying trees and examining all the available weather records extending back to the middle of the nineteenth century, meteorologists have found that our good summers run in cycles and that these cycles depend in some mysterious way on the sun's radiation.

Astronomers know that sunspots gradually increase and then gradually decrease. Roughly every eleven years they are at their minimum, and whenever this happens we usually get a fine and warm summer.

The records show that we get good summers at intervals of between ten and twelve years. There was a brilliant summer in 1899, another in 1911, a third in 1921, and, finally, one last year. Judging from the sunspot cycle this summer will probably be as good as in 1932, but not so good as last year.

Then there are three short rainfall cycles which play an important part in determining our weather.

The first two of these cycles are still more or less ineffective, and this accounts for the recent drought.

The third is the long rain cycle which probably helped to cause the dreary succession of wet summers from 1922 to 1927, and again in 1930 and 1931. It seems to increase the rainfall all the year round for about ten years on end, but calculations show that from about 1932 onwards its evil influence will be shifted into the autumn, so that we ought now to have wetter autumns but a run of decidedly finer summers.

Weather experts believe that not for another forty years shall we have such a series of cold and rainy summers as we had between 1922 and 1931.

£750 Won in Crossword Competition No. 268.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £500 equally. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent:—

A. R. COOPER, 238, Bonton Road, London, E.16.

Mrs. WEARRIN, West End Villas, Spilsby, Lincs.

R. WILLIAMS, Belmont, Maelwr, Mon.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 21, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 111 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £1 7s. 1d. A list of these readers can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

An Amazing New X-Word Offer with a first prize of a £5 Pension of £5 a month, £150 Cash and a £50 Holiday Cheque, or a lump sum of £382, and £150 to be divided between Runners-up, appears on page 28. Try your skill now!

Listen to the tale they tell

Bubbles of toasted rice—popping and crackling in cold milk or cream. Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Bursting to tell their story of goodness. Calling attention to their tastiness.

What a delightful, delicious breakfast to set before a child. What a light, digestible supper to encourage sound sleep. Full of nourishment, too. Have them for *your* lunch. Saves you cooking. Always oven-fresh. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Krispies by name.

7½d per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA

583

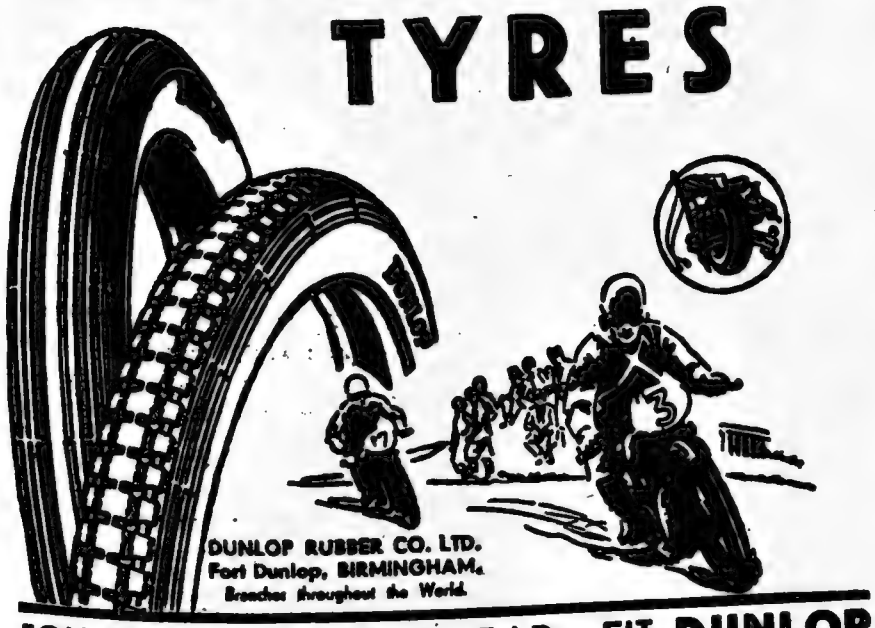
PERFORMANCE

DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS

26 T.T. Races

have been won on

DUNLOP TYRES



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS' LEAD—FIT DUNLOP

C.F.H.

4H/226

OLIVE OIL in soap has a triple action
. . . cleansing
soothing
beautifying
Palmolive is a pure olive oil soap, rich in natural oils of the olive and the palm, and containing nothing else. These oils alone lend Palmolive its characteristic green colour.
Natural cleansing, with soap and water, is advocated by 20,000 beauty specialists to preserve a youthful skin—"But," they add, "it must be an olive oil soap . . . Palmolive!"
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE
To these oils, moreover, Palmolive owes that abundant, lather, which so gently, and without possibility of injury to delicate skin tissues, cleanses, soothes and beautifies—preserving "that Schoolgirl Complexion."
Price does not apply in I.F.S.
Palmolive lasts so long
and only costs 3d a tablet

Blancmange
made with
NESTLÉ'S
MILK
has wonderful
creaminess! . .

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fide of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull"

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of KOTALKO who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff, or aided new, luxuriant hair growths.

The secret lies in the use of extracts of certain rare herbal and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. These have remarkable action upon the hair glands and frequently induce a profuse hair growth upon bald heads that have hitherto resisted every attempt to induce new hair.

Test-Box Coupon

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (32.AK), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

INDIGESTION CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED.

If you had had years of Functional Indigestion, and could find nothing to do you any good, would you not think it marvellous if a few doses of the last medicine you tried completely ended your suffering?

Yet this is what happened to a gentleman in Cirencester. Read his own words.

"Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is the only medicine which has relieved me. I have suffered from Functional Indigestion for years and sampled every indigestion mixture available but with no satisfactory results. I commenced taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a few weeks ago and the effect has been marvellous. I have at last discovered a cure for my trouble to terminate completely years of suffering."

If you suffer from indigestion or stomach trouble of any sort remember that you can get just the same relief as Mr. N——, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Help Kidneys

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

"THE BIG TWO are as safe as the Bank." —John Bull

THE BIG TWO

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

ONE SHILLING UP TO ANY AMOUNT MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER
In accordance with rules.

ST. LEGER

SEND FOR LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

Commissions accepted for all GREYHOUND RACING MEETINGS licensed by the N.G.R.C.

FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

The Famous 'CHALLENGER' LISTS are devoted entirely to Fixed Prices—the best possible consistent with our guarantee of payment in full.

NOTHING BARRED * NOTHING STARRED

——USE THIS FORM——

Please send Fixed Price Football Lists and Greyhound Racing Rules. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

County ..... J.B.

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H. MAIN LTD.
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

MY KEENEST LOSS

THREE months ago I lost a very fine little comrade. He sold newspapers near a suburban railway station.

I became acquainted with him on his fourteenth birthday and his cheery smile, bright shining eyes, and merry jokes made me his devoted admirer.

When depressed and worried over business troubles, and in need of a tonic I sought out my little chum.

Then Fate struck a cruel blow. He was knocked down by a bus. I never knew his name or where he lived, but of all absent friends, I miss him most.—"*Grocer*," *Hammersmith*.

Devoted Houseman

His comical old yellow face was ugly enough to stop a clock; his quaint English never failed to make us smile even when things were darkest.

But if devotion to his mistress, love of children intense desire to please, hard work and scrupulous honesty, do not entitle our old Chinese houseman, who cooked, scrubbed, washed, ironed and grew our vegetables through long years with us in the Hawaiian Islands, to rank as a friend, I don't know what would.

Back in England, after long years abroad, I miss this faithful old soul more than words can tell.—"*Pauline*," *South Devon*.

Inhuman Lights

Aged and physically weak, my keenest loss is the kindly policeman who guided me across the road. To-day, ever-changing lights serve to do his work on the busy cross-roads near my house.

Gone is the "human touch" which characterised the work of that kindly constable . . . those lights recognise neither the weak nor blind.

The constant fear is with me that the light will turn to green when I am halfway across the street.

Often I wait on the kerbstone, terrified to risk the crossing; it is then that I miss the cheery, "Come on, mother!" of my pal, the policeman.—"*Granny*," *Perry Barr*.

Silent Hoofs

He was a workmate of mine; the most true and faithful pal a fellow ever had. One day we were entering the gateway of the factory which employed us, when the "boss" called me and said that he had purchased a mechanical device which would dispense with the need for my mate's services.

The news thoroughly upset me, and our eventual parting was indeed a sad occasion.

No longer does he trot gently between the shafts of my baker's cart; the pleasing sound of his hoofs upon the hard road is replaced by the impatient vibrations of a motor engine.—"*Loafer*," *Birmingham*.

Shipmates

I met him in Honduras seventeen years ago, and although I could not speak the language and he knew no English, we became such firm companions that he joined my ship and together we sailed the Seven Seas. We had little in common really, and beyond saying "Good morning" and "Good night," we rarely spoke.

Two years ago I retired and settled down in a cottage near the coast. Last winter proved too hard for his tropical constitution and he died, and I miss my parrot as much as if he'd been human. — "*Old Salt*," *Winsford*.

Road Companion

When my once prosperous business failed two years ago I lost everything I had, and my so-called pals soon went.

In time I formed other associations, but nothing can make up to me the loss of one companion of my wealthy days I was forced to part with—the car that enabled me to leave the smoky town behind and breathe the clear mountain air, or the bracing air of the seaside, whenever I had a few hours' leisure.—"*Failure*," *Manchester*.

Difficult Now

Though I never realised it at the time, I now know that real happiness and achievement were only possible whilst my companion was still with me. Without it I can no longer work with my one-time zest; nor can I enjoy my leisure hours playing vigorous games in the open air.

Everything has become difficult, and the most desirable things in life are now unattainable, since my comrade left me. I did not, until too late, appreciate my health.—*T. L., Kent*.

Drought Victim

Now that my life-long, steady old companion has found a new home, the farmhouse seems empty. For more than a century he has occupied a place of honour in this household—loyal and truthful to my father, and his father.

But the recent drought has been the last straw for some farmers, and when a dealer offered me a small fortune for my old friend, I accepted.

The metallic cackle of the cheap imported clock only makes me miss the old "grandfather" the more.—*H. B., Bedford*.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 14.

The Best News I Ever Carried

Old Man's Fiddle

We had our ups and downs together—she and I. Each evening I used to caress her, and the day's worries vanished before her soothing charms.

Others tried to part us, but however dark the days, she stayed with me. Then one day I laid her in her little box—gently, sadly; and there she'll stay until I, too, will join her.

Friend of boyhood, manhood age—beloved fiddle—I'd bring you to life again were not my life now darkened by almost total deafness.—"*E String*," *Seaham*.

Broken Link

Not long ago my boss handed over the reins of office to his son, and I miss him terribly. I know that his son is just and kindly disposed, but a link that can never be replaced has been broken.

Though never cut out for a high position, I was painstaking and conscientious, and my talents were always rewarded to the full.

I did not realise until we parted how grey I was getting; we seemed to grow up and age together. But now my grey locks are more noticeable, and I am just a little afraid.—*M. W. A., Dorset*.

He Wasn't There

He was lying exhausted from hunger when I met him, so I took him home where, after a good bath and a meal he settled down and slept.

For years afterwards he and I were inseparable and many miles we tramped together, enjoying everything we saw. We both got older, and one day when I arrived home "Darkie" wasn't there to greet me.

I buried him in his favourite spot in the garden and when I look there I think of my pal, the doggy pal I miss most.—"*Doggie Lover*," *Staffs*.

Living, but Lost

He was a kindly father to me, a handsome man, and my mother's loving sweetheart. I was twelve years of age when he was ordered to France in August, 1914; and I well remember how he took me aside to say good-bye, and to ask me to look after mother while he was away.

I have grown up; and I am still looking after mother. We still miss dad; he is in an asylum, insane, with shrapnel in his brain!—"*Pacifist*," *Plumstead*.

Simple Life

My present home is a pretty cottage on the fringe of a wood, eight miles from the nearest town. Hitherto I lived several years in a modern town house.

I love my cottage, the well and the windlass are picturesque, oil-lamps hanging from low beams are delightfully "old-world." It is blissful away from traffic and crowds.

But how I miss that dear friend—Modern Convenience, so commonplace in town that I was apt to overlook its value.—"*Town Bred*," *Stanion*.

* * *

All I can remember about the comrade I miss most is a pale face and two slender hands, yet we were never parted once in fifteen years. A reliable, truthful and constant companion, yet for a good price I parted with my watch.—"*Greedy*," *Abergele*.

He seemed to tire of my company, and now he has gone, perhaps never to return again . . . Oh, how I long for my best friend, a pound note, to come back to me!—*A. G., Glasgow*.

A veritable prop in all times of trouble or perplexity, his death was a hard blow to me. His name was General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army.—"*Churchman*," *Wembley*.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Big Race Bias

ONE of my correspondents deplores the fact that the Flat racing season is moving apace, and states that the winter game makes no appeal to him, mainly because the jumping season has few big events to offer. He says that he cannot maintain his racing interest on minor events.

This attitude of mind is strange to me, for racing is racing whether the race be a £100 "seller" or a big handicap. And, in my view, there is nothing more thrilling or pleasant than a winter afternoon spent with the jumpers.

I have, however, met quite a few people who have the big race mind, and it is amazing—apart from the fact that they would not attend a meeting where small events comprise most of the card—that they cannot even discuss "small" racing.

Well, it takes all sorts to make the racing world, and for this correspondent who views with sighs the approach to the cessation of the Flat, I would point out that he and others of his kind have yet a lot of important events in which they can try their luck—and patience!

Ahead of us are the Ebor Handicap (August 29); the Gimcrack Stakes (August 30); the Prince Edward Handicap (September 8); Great Yorkshire Handicap (September 11); the St. Leger (September 12); Doncaster Cup (September 14); Newbury Autumn Cup (September 29); Jockey Club Stakes (October 4); Duke of York Handicap (October 6); the Cesarewitch (October 17); Middle Park Plate (October 18); the Cambridgeshire (October 31); the Jockey Club Cup and Dewhurst Stakes (November 1); Liverpool Autumn Cup (November 9); Derby Cup (November 15); and the Manchester November Handicap, on November 24.

For this week-end I like the look of Bold Brigand, at Thirsk. At Lewes, I fancy Up Rivers in the Glynde "seller" and shall take a chance with Scardroy in the Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 9, to Wednesday, August 15.

P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94	M
V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E	D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

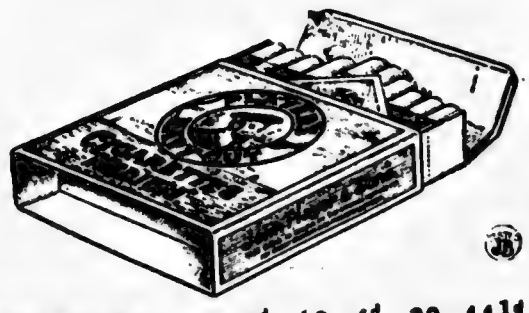
Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

Whatever the pleasure..

PLAYER'S

complete it

Listening to the sounds on the beach ..... dreaming or watching the ever-changing scene ..... a panorama of holiday activities and pleasures rounded off and completed with PLAYER'S as our constant companion.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 5-3d 10-6d 20-11½d

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C. 241.E

IN THE PATH OF THE RAZOR

WHAT I LOOK FOR IN A SHAVE, DAD, IS SPEED— I'M ALWAYS IN A HURRY.
WHEN YOU'RE MY AGE, SON, YOU'LL LOOK FOR SMOOTHNESS — WHAT DO YOU USE?
SHAVALLO
WHY, SO DO I— SHAVALLO FOR A SWIFT, SMOOTH SHAVE.

The most tender skin is comforted by the touch of Shavallo. The natural glycerine which Shavallo contains softens the beard and soothes the skin at the same time, preventing razor "pull" and after-soreness. Make shaving a comfortable process: use Shavallo—the stick with the lather that lasts.

SHAVALLO

FOR A SWIFT, SMOOTH SHAVE

BARBERS USE IT AND BARBERS *know* . . .

In ivorine case - 1/-
Refills 10d
In metal case - 9d
Cream—large tube 1/3

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, E.16

SV 42-169-55

BEER 1D PER PINT

PURE ALE or STOUT— Splendid tonic and food. Easily made at home

FROM VIGGORMALT

PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

Simply add cold water. Free yeast with each tin. Trial size, 1/- tin. 3 Times Quantity 2/6. Post Free U.K. only. State whether for Ale or Stout when ordering

Get your Viggormalt from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Internationals, Co-ops., Parkes, or any Store, Chemist, or Grocer; or send P.O. or Stamps to Viggormalt Ltd. (Dept. SD), Denigate Road, Hove, Sussex.

PILES CURED IN A FEW DAYS

AMAZING NATURAL CURE

DIFFERENT—PERMANENT

NO MESSY OINTMENTS. NO PURGATIVES. NO DRUGS. NO INJURIOUS INSTRUMENTS.

Pennant Pile Cure helps Nature to remove the trouble by natural methods. Painless, harmless, clean. Quickly cures the most stubborn cases of internal, external, blind, bleeding or itching piles. FREE BOOKLET on request. But if in pain don't delay, send 3/3 for box of "Pennant" and booklet will come with it, all cost paid in plain wrapper. THE PENNANT CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO. J.B.12, Holfast Mill, Penygroes, North Wales.

HURRY FOR "JOHN BULL'S" HUGE X-WORD HOLIDAY OFFER!

£6 MONTHLY LIFE PENSION AND £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE

OR ONE INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £650

£150 HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

£350

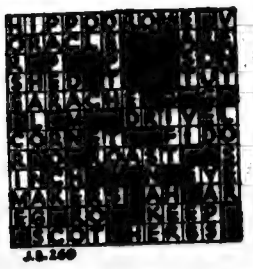
HURRY up if you want one of our great 3-in-1 Holiday First Prizes! This week brings the first of your final two opportunities of the season, and you have a few days only to complete your squares.

Your giant reward for half an hour with the absorbing puzzle on this page may well be that Life Pension of £6 a Month, £350 in cash and a Holiday Cheque for £50.

In addition to the fine 3-in-1 First Prize, notice that there is as much as £250 for division, as announced, among those with one error more than the winner.

Thursday is Crossword Telegram Day, and Thursday, August 23, may well bring you a First Prize message from "John Bull," provided your squares are in by Thursday, August 16. Begin now on this puzzle which may bring you the blessings of a big lump sum, a wonderful holiday and an income for life!

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.



J.B.269

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 269.

Winners in 268 on page 24. Result of 269 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 269 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month, £350 Cash and a Holiday Cheque of £50 (or a lump sum of £650) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle on this page. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 23, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 30.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

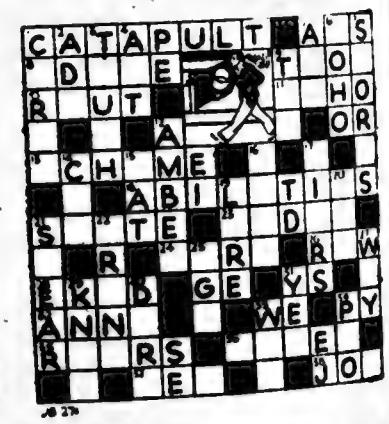
1. Boys fling stones with this
5. His name is Noddy
8. Love intensely
9. Between a walk and a gallop
10. Put to flight in disorder
11. Sound that bounces back
13. Plan
18. Prospective employer considers them
21. King opens Parliament in this
23. Opposite of "on top"
24. Not common
26. Not cooked
28. Stretched out
32. Indian penny
35. Sounds hungry lion makes
36. Describes a man who hangs on to his money
37. Protects valuable possessions from visitors
38. Trade boom brings to unemployed

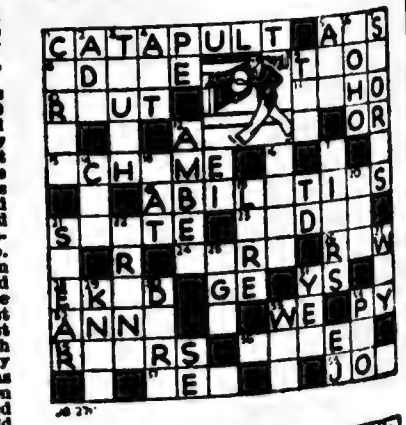
DOWN

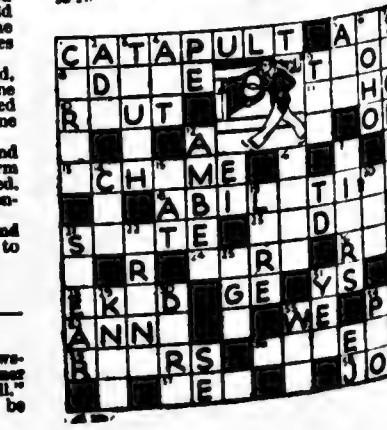
1. They bring things home to you
2. Lot of fuss
3. May startle you on a dark night
4. Is admired at Academy
5. Section of a circle
6. Foreign quarter in London's West End
7. Are most worrying to Arctic explorer
9. Helps player play better
12. Colour of centre traffic signal
14. Sometimes necessitates seeking loan
15. Consume food
16. Actuates explosion beneath trench
17. Seats on these give a good view
19. A bait is this
20. We are living in a mechanical one
21. To do this leaves a bad impression
22. Where fights take place
25. May be time which has passed
27. Parents are often puzzled by Sonny's
29. Tipster often puts you in this
30. Cats can see in this
31. Gives assent
33. Party benefits by one
34. Short for "professional"

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

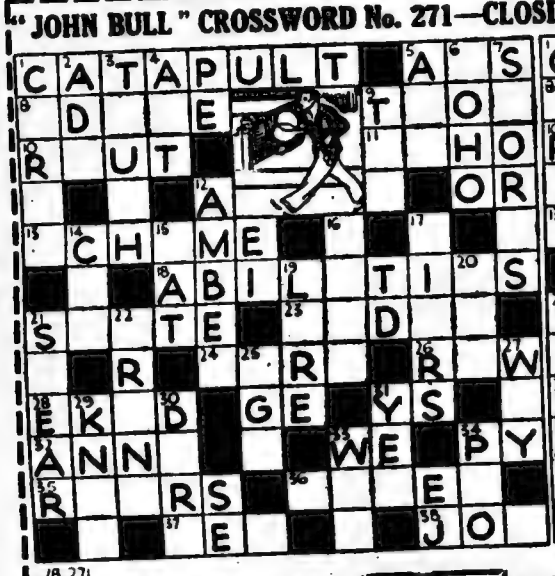
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.







"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 271—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1934



JB 271

JB 271

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 271—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1934

JB 271

JB 271

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 271, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 16.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 30, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 11, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £650 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

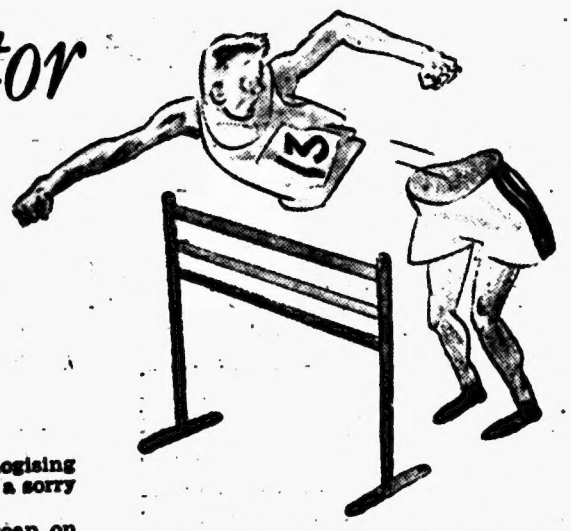
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last



Athlete (Cambridge).—"Going over hurdles is the queerest sensation." Especially when your feet refuse to go with you.

N. L. B. (Lanark).—"I think apologising a hateful thing." It is certainly a sorry usiness.

DORIS (Henley).—"I never use soap on y face." Another boyish practice the ir sex is copying.

N. T. (Bradford).—"A small ferry boat king a local cricket team over a river psized." All out for a duck.

C. V. (Norwich).—"Where do you advise e to put petrol so that it is unlikely to tch fire?" In a cigarette lighter.

MRS. T. (Bedford).—"I am very careful hat I put in my dustbin." To save the ustmen kicking up a dust?

HIKER (Keswick).—"What can be worse han just escaping from a raging bull?" ot escaping.

H. J. (Wolverhampton).—"What do you nsider the perfect holiday?" The next ne.

NERVOUS (Kingsbury). — "What ould be more azardous than mping from an eroplane with othing but a arachute to save o if?" Jumping ithout one.

M. G. (Tower ill).—"Is it true hat if a bee leaves s sting in the lace where it ings you it dies on after?" We o our best to ake it true, anyay.

T. N. (Frome).—Brains will always ll in the long run sport." Never ind—perhaps you will do better in the hort sprints?

S. N. (Rochester).—"The Australians aise our English wickets." Yet they conually run down the pitch.

T. O. (Ipswich).—"I spend my time iting novels and digging my allotent." Always up to some plot or nother.

R. N. (Perth).—"I was surprised when offered me the fishing rights of a large lmon stream for a mere song." And s there a catch in it?

EX-WARDER (Plymouth).—"Convicts are llowed to make everything necessary to eir well-being." Except, of course, their cape.

BREEDER (Esher).—"Recent dog shows ve revealed that the dachshund is reurning to favour." After a lengthy sence?

DAD (Manchester).—"My daughter has st become apprenticed for five years to glover and hosier." Bound hand and ot!

G. L. (Baldock).—"I had a very promisg crop of plums, but it has been ruined the drought." There has been a big lling off, in other words.

JOE (Hoxton).—"I am a big fellow—*ve never* been knocked out at boxing *never* let in a goal while 'keeping—I ke 11's in boots and *never* wear a hat." ou'd *never* get one to fit.

MISS PEGGY (Dunfermline).—"I see at an author and authoress are shortly be married. I wonder what kind of idal attendants they will have." ages probably.

* * *

Lover of Fiction (Cheltenham).—"Where ve all our imaginative writers gone these ys?" To the seaside, most of them, to sist in compiling next season's guideoks.

* * *

UNDERGRAD. (Edinburgh).—"I find that ter studying hard at night, reading a w chapters from a good novel makes me eepy." Reading one chapter of a poor e would have the same result.

R. H. (Birkenhead).—"I now have to to work at five o'clock in the morning d so I see very little of my daughter." ou could hardly expect her to be home early as that.

The KID

B. N. (Tamworth). — "A shilling on which I scratched my name two years ago was returned to me anonymously yesterday." Then we should autograph our Treasury notes in future if we were you.

MAISIE (Hendon).—"After walking ten miles without meeting a soul, I jumped for joy when a motorist came along and gave me a lift." You were transported with glee.

MRS. T. (Liverpool).—"A friend of mine, whose husband neglected her to attend the garden and park surrounding their house, has applied for a separation." The grounds being, of course, the grounds.

W. N. (St. Neots).—"There is no regulation against taking dogs into the post office." In fact, a customer often finds a panting Peke very useful to moisten stamps when somebody else is monopolising the sponge.

A. S. (Plymouth). —"Because there were no purchasers, I read, a valuable freight of feathers was thrown into the municipal rubbish heaps at Johannesburg." Down in the dumps.

C. M. (Canterbury). — "Keep a goat in the garden." This seems somewhat of a risk considering that the characteristic attitude of the amateur gardener is bending.

AIRMAN (Calshot).—"Nobody is thrilled now when an airman flies across the Atlantic." Except the flier, of course.

E. S. (Bow).—"Can you recommend a book which has lots of different characters?" The Telephone Directory.

B. Y. (Clapham).—"How can I convince a sceptic that the world goes round?" Stand him a champagne supper.

* * *

W. M. (Ealing).—"When on a seaside holiday, walk a few miles every day." This is often necessary in order to cover the three-minute journey to the sea mentioned in the landlady's advertisement.

* * *

P. N. (Esher).—"I always back a horse that can stay." With a bookmaker who does likewise?

FRANK (Shortlands).—"I was swimming across a deep and wide pool, and when half-way over I felt I could not complete the course." Did you turn back?

ADVANCED (Margate).—"I don't think there is a modern person alive who would object to nudism." Tailors would, we feel sure.

A. N. (Dunedin).—"A cool covering for the head to wear while sunbathing can be made of cabbage leaves." Then, if the necessity arises, you can eat your hat.

DOMESTIC (Weybridge).—"I have a far better time than many of the shop-girls, although my mistress is pretty strict." You only have one awkward customer to deal with.

STEVEDORE (Wapping). — "A tropical insect emerged from a crate of bananas and walked all over a policeman's feet." This sort of tropical insect must be fond of long walks.

G. L. (Hitchin).—"Some people make tactless remarks at weddings." We heard recently of a thoughtless guest who congratulated a girl aviator bride on making such an excellent landing.

BUSINESS MAN (Chislehurst).—"My wife is wonderful. She can always put on an extra dinner if I bring home a friend unexpectedly." More wonderful still if you haven't to go without one the next day.

SCHOOLMISTRESS (King's Heath).—"In future all schools are going to be equipped with apparatus for sunlight treatment." We understand that in old-fashioned schools tannin' was simpler and more painful.

F. S. (Hampstead).—"Jewels worth £50,000,000 will be transported from Soviet Russia for show at this summer's Chicago Exhibition." Yet there are people who maintain that the gangster's profession holds no prospects.

J. D. T. (Barnsley).—"I like a holiday, but hate the expense!" Let JOHN BULL pay and thoroughly enjoy yourself—there are fifty substantial Holiday Cheques waiting on page 31.

M. G. (Harrogate).—"When I stopped in the street recently and gazed up to the empty sky, dozens of passers-by emulated me." But we wouldn't mind betting that the flag-girl was more than a match for all of you.

F. W. (Barnet).—"There are ten million bad eggs on the Franco-Spanish frontier held up because Spain's quota is exhausted." Local politicians are nervously reassuring each other on the unlikelihood of a sudden General Election.

G. L. (Oxford).—"It is suggested that what is needed to make cricket a better game is a narrower bat." Those spectators unfortunate enough to have their line of vision blocked are in favour of a narrower umpire.

D. J. M. (Hammersmith).—"I read that an old lag was recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing a mail-bag." This sentence seems rather harsh, when in all probability the lag made the thing himself.

M. D. (Glasgow).—"A burglar who entered a house in Edinburgh was stunned by a manservant with a syphon of soda water." The householder says that he always felt that ultimately a good use would be found for the stuff.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

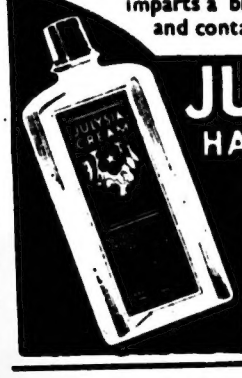
5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Wish Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles' and Tradesmen's Cycles. Tandems Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

52 NOW

Let Julysia take care of your hair!

Dress your hair daily with Julysia and see it gain in lustre and health. Julysia fixes the hair perfectly, imparts a brilliant gloss, and contains no gum.



JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

The Cream of Hairdressings

Get a bottle to-day from any good Hairdresser, Chemist or Store. 1/- and 1/6. Sample size 6d.

PILES can be Cured

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan BRAND PILE REMEDY

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 6/- per bottle; or sent direct, post free, from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN EXTRACT MADE IN ENGLAND

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

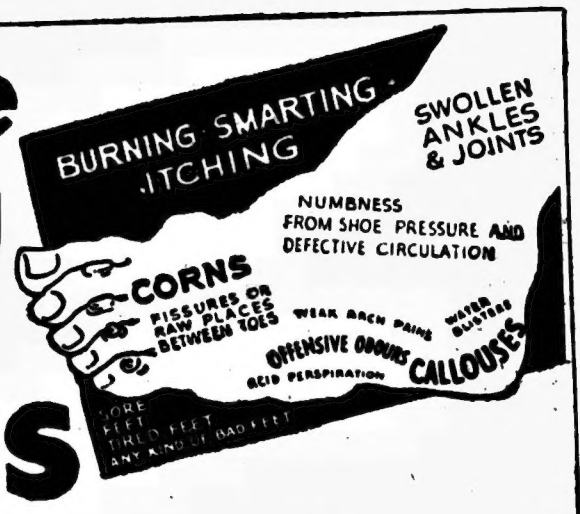
BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Make, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold all' Rod, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW

Suggested Deposit Rest 6/- monthly or Terms as desired.

No More Misery from CORNS or Sore, Tired Feet!



If you suffer from corns, callouses or sore, tired, tender feet, you can end your misery to-night! Get a packet of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' and put a small handful in a basin of hot water—rest your feet in it for fifteen minutes and you will be most thankful. *The oxygenated water brings instant relief.* Special corn-softening salts penetrate right down to the root of the corn, so that it is loosened and comes right out. If your feet are sore or tired from standing or walking all day, they will feel thoroughly rested and soothed. Thousands have proved this true!

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath *Saltrates*' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL BATH **Saltrates**

Pronounced ROO-DEL

Sold only in YELLOW Packets

Absolutely unequalled for ALL FOOT TROUBLES

1/6 • 2/6

Larger size contains double quantity.

JOHN BULL'S

Great Free Family Insurance Gift

Sign now or this up-to-date protection

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/8/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/8/34

JOHN BULL'S **GREAT PEN OFFER**

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

"I CAN WIN" he said—and HE DID!

Interview with "Bullets" First Prize-winner

THERE are thousands of happy holiday-makers in Blackpool to-day. But if you see one with a smile broader than all the others, that will surely be Mr. J. Chappell, whose home is at 397, Rooley Lane, Bradford.

His wife, boy and baby are with him—and though his wages as a coach-trimmer in the works of the Bradford Corporation Tramways have suffered from cuts, the cost of his family's holiday is no problem at all.

Things would have been different, indeed, had he not entered for our *Bullets* Competition No. 945. But in this contest he captured the First Prize of £600 cash for his ingenious *Bullet*, OUR MENU—*Planned* ACCORDING TO *Work*.

Future holidays will not worry him, either, for each subsequent August is to bring him a further Holiday Cheque for £20 from JOHN BULL.

* * *

When congratulated on his success by the JOHN BULL man, Mr. Chappell declared that it was really due to the First Prize victory last year of another local "Bulleteer," Mr. E. Fearnside, 97, Kershaw Street, Thornbury, Bradford.

"I did not know Mr. Fearnside," said the winner, "but I said to myself, 'If that chap can win, so can I!'"

"The phrase, 'working according to plan,' actually came to my mind," he continued, "when I was at my work. I had that *Example*, OUR MENU, in my head, and having studied *Bullets*, I instinctively reversed the phrase and there was my First Prize effort made in a minute."

* * *

The Second Prize-winner in this contest also secured his big Holiday Cheque through keeping his wits about him whilst at work, and afterwards putting the results of his observations into *Bullet* form.

Young Mr. V. Lodge, Low Bentham, near Lancaster, is an insurance agent, and whilst he was talking to a prospective client a blind man passed him in the street. A remark was passed about the poor fellow's affliction and the incident remained in Mr. Lodge's mind.

"Whilst glancing through the *Bullets Examples* that night," Mr. Lodge tells JOHN BULL, "I came across the single word, BLINDNESS. I recalled my conversation of the afternoon, did a few minutes' word-juggling—and there was my £50 *Bullet*, BLINDNESS—"STRIKES" FEW—"TOUCHES" MOST."

"Well done, Dad!" says Mr. Chappell, Junior

* * *

Another "Bulleteer" now away on holiday with a bumper JOHN BULL cheque is Mr. W. Mount, 43, Crayford Road, Crayford.

The fine sum of £30 was his reward for the well-balanced *Bullet*, HOLIDAYS—RESTORE "SYSTEM"—UPSET ROUTINE. And, curiously enough, Mr. Mount also got the idea for his Holiday Prize *Bullet* whilst he was engaged at his work.

"Knowing that I had been ill," he explains to JOHN BULL, "my boss asked me how I was and if I had had my holiday. That set me thinking that several of my fellow-workers were on holiday and how it sometimes upset things."

* * *

And now for *your* Holiday Prize! Whether you are at work or play to-day there are bound to be ideas for winning *Bullets* all around you.

Fit one of these ideas neatly to an *Example* on the opposite page and you may well be the winner of this week's huge 3-in-1 Holiday Prize, or one of the 49 other Seaside Cheques which are waiting for good *Bullets*.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 946

FIRST PRIZE, £750 AND 100 MILE AIR CRUISE FOR FOUR.

Mr. B. THOMAS, 16, Camnethan Street, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire.

Example:—BRITAIN'S TASK
Bullet:—BUILDING—AND OCCUPYING OCCUPIERS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mr. G. B. PATRICK, c/o 72, Ryelands Street, Hereford.
Example: Risking Death
Bullet: Women In "Increasing Numbers."

THIRD PRIZE, £30:

Mr. A. HAMMOND, 13, Ethel Road, Custom House London, E.
Example: Man At The Top
Bullet: "Extended" Himself — Shortened "Ladder."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES

£20: Mrs. M. BURTON, Park Nook, Wingerworth, Chesterfield.
To Escape—Blind Alley—Risked Eyesight.

£19: D. C. LOWE 15 Chesnut Grove, Wavertree, Liverpool.
In Europe's Jungle—Charred Stumps, Warning Beacons.

£18: A. FERGUSON, 65, Haworth Street, Hull.
Silent Woman—Gives War-monger Bigger "Voice."

£17: F. WILLIAMSON, Osborne House, Gilfach Road, Penmaenmawr, N. Wales.
Sooner Or Later—Folly's "Bubbles" Become "Bombshells."

£16: F. J. DAVIS Madley, Hereford.
Not Stopping—For Meals—Won't Starve.

£15: L. DAWSON. 3, Hurstwood Road, London, N.W.
Sooner Or Later—"Reckoning"—Make Life "Count."

2 OF £14 EACH:

J. ELLIOTT, 129 Victoria Road, New Brighton, Wallasey.
Laziness—Of Government, Lazily Tolerated.

J. M. PAIN, "Carville," Carville Avenue, Southborough, Kent.
Her Story — Miserable One — Worshipped Gaiety.

2 OF £13 EACH:

D. DAVIS, 12, Norfolk Street, Glossop, Derbys.
Doubled—Angler's Score—Golfer's, Halved.

A. T. MORGAN, 22, Austin Street, Nechells, Birmingham.
Spreading The News—Maintains Embankment Sleepers "Circulation."

2 OF £12 EACH:

H. ELDER, 84, Gainsborough Avenue, Oldham.
In Europe's Jungle—Every Conference Plants Tree.

G. DUDLEY WEST, 11/13, Victoria Street, Liverpool.
Urgent Call—Cat's—Sudden Answer. Boot!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

2 OF £11 EACH:

C. R. STEEL, Bakery, Haddenham, Ely, Cambs.
Britain's Task—'Going Between'—Keeping Out.

L. WELLS, 83, Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
The Motorist Stopped And—Hurt Expert Dodger's *Vanity!*

2 OF £10 EACH:

H. J. COWAN, 25, Bothwell Road, Hamilton, Lanarks.
In Europe's Jungle—League Making—Daisy Chains!

G. NEWBY, 11, Hibbert Street, off Hollins Road, Hollinwood, Oldham.
My Luck—Average—I'm Lucky Chap.

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on this page

Bigger "Bullets" Bonuses With 50 Holiday Cheques!

TO-DAY brings you almost the last huge batch of prizes in our Monster Holiday Campaign. See how a splendid 3-in-1 First Prize and 50 Increased Holiday Bonuses have been combined in this wonderful One-week Offer! The sender of this week's best *Bullet* will enjoy the unique award of £500 cash, a £20 Holiday Cheque and a superb £10 10s. Radio Gramophone—three fine prizes rolled into one!

And each of the 50 principal winners in this big One-week contest will receive an increased Holiday Bonus of £4 cash in addition to the prize cheque.

On Friday, August 31, JOHN BULL will be telegraphing a tremendous thrill to the winner of this huge 3-in-1 First Prize—and there is no reason why a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons from this page should not bring that magic message to you.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the list of *Examples* provided and consider what pointed remarks you can find to fit closely to any of them. Do not expect the first words you jot down to form a *Bullet* all ready for the coupon. The finished article will develop as you compress your rough notes into the limits of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words, polishing up the phrasing so that your meaning is conveyed clearly and in simple but unusual fashion.

If, for instance, you had chosen the *Example*, DOCTOR SMART, your first rough comment might well be *Gives Invalid Fresh Life*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, DOCTOR SMART—EXPERTS AT GIVING "BLOW."

For further assistance as you go on constructing prize *Bullets*, turn to the preceding page and study the style and phrasing of this week's winners.

Then get busy on your *Bullets* without delay, for only if your entry is in by Saturday, August 18, can you hope for a share in this week's huge distribution of Cash-plus-Bonus Prizes.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

[illegible]	
ALL OVER THE SHOP	
[illegible]	
OLD HANDS	
[illegible]	
[illegible]	
UP TO MIDNIGHT	
CLASSIC	
[illegible]	
[illegible]	
[illegible]

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . .

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical:* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

WHAT USERS OF ELASTO SAY—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me." Etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get on the RIGHT SIDE of a Course of 'ELASTO'

"I can now Walk for Miles."

". . . after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L— S—.

This Wonderful NEW BLOOD TREATMENT Will Save You POUNDS!

A Good Circulation Means Sound Health

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, bad circulation, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls, and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Diseases because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. Beware of imitations!

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD., (Dept. 15.D.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.*

TESTED JB

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS .....

My Ailment is..... John Bull 11.8.34.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 75, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 246, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albouy, Paris.